THE BYSTANDER
VOL. LXVII.—No. 869

JULY 28, 1920

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.

AUGUST HOLIDAY NUMBER

ALMAGAM

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3,000 miles guaranteed for the new grooved treads we fit to your old covers

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Fast coloured
CASEMENT CLOTHS
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For nearly a Century
the Medical Profession have approved this as the best and safest remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout and Indigestion. Dinneford's Magnesia is also an aperient of unequalled value for infants, children, those of delicate constitution, and for the distressing sickness of pending motherhood.
THE MOST EFFECTIVE APERIENT FOR REGULAR USE BY PEOPLE OF ALL AGES.

In consequence of numerous imitations, purchasers should INSIST on seeing the name 'DINNEFORD'S' on every bottle. Only by so doing can they be sure of obtaining this most excellent remedy.

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Absolutely unique in their qualities.

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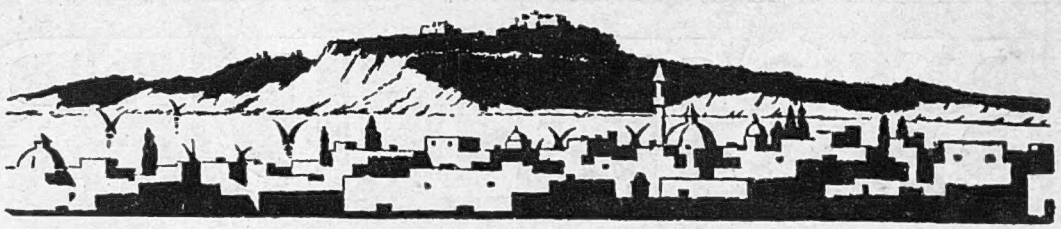

Art, Mystery—all but Magic.

THE fine Turkish tobaccos are mysterious enough. Crops of adjacent districts have entirely different characteristics. Of the same fine plant, even, the leaves have a different character according to their position. The blender's art is to use his knowledge of these differences to effect such a balance of flavours as to give an entirely palatable result of quite definite (and here's the mystery akin to magic!) repeatable flavour. We maintain the fine quality of

MATINÉE
Turkish Cigarettes

blended and made of the exquisite Macedonian leaf
by ALLAN RAMSAY

243 Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

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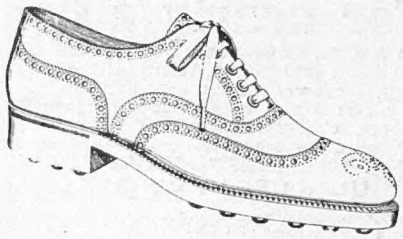

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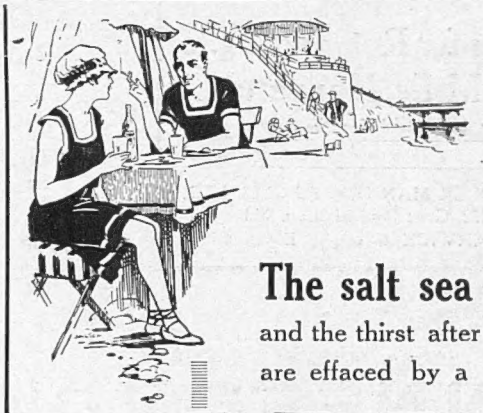

The salt sea taste,
and the thirst after a bathe,
are effaced by a drink of

IDRIS

LEMON SQUASH
"The World's Refresher," or
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"Rich—Ripe—Refreshing"

A little of either, with plain or aerated water to taste, gives you a refreshing, clean and healthful beverage. **No Sweetening Necessary**

Price **2/6** per bottle.

Order LEMON SQUASH or LIME JUICE CORDIAL, Dry Ginger Ale, Sparkling Phosphade, Lemonade or other Aerated Waters from your Grocer, Chemist or Wine Merchant, but be sure to insist on **IDRIS**

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Two Holiday Bargains.

HEAVY QUALITY CREPE-DE-CHINE CAMISOLE, TRIMMED DAINTY FILET LACE AND INSERTION, RIBBON SHOULDER STRAPS, ELASTIC WAIST, HAND BEADING. WHITE, PINK, SKY, CHAMPAGNE.

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COSY PINK ELASTIC CORSET, 9½ inches DEEP. NO LACING AT BACK.

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In order to find employment for our Tailor Shirt workers during the slack season, we have decided to make up a large quantity of fashionable Linen and Cotton Shirtings and to offer these shirts during the holiday season at approximately half price. All these shirts are perfectly fresh, and are thoroughly well made from fashionable materials, and at the prices at which they are now offered are quite exceptional as regards value.

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Special Price

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In out sizes 2/- extra.

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COATS AND SKIRTS

FOR EARLY AUTUMN WEAR.

EXCLUSIVE designs, made in our own workrooms from best quality suiting serge, and daintily finished with silk braids on entirely new and becoming lines.

COAT and SKIRT in fine quality navy and black suiting serge; coat cut on most attractive lines with narrow belt tying at back and silk braids becomingly worked at sides. Plain well-cut skirt.

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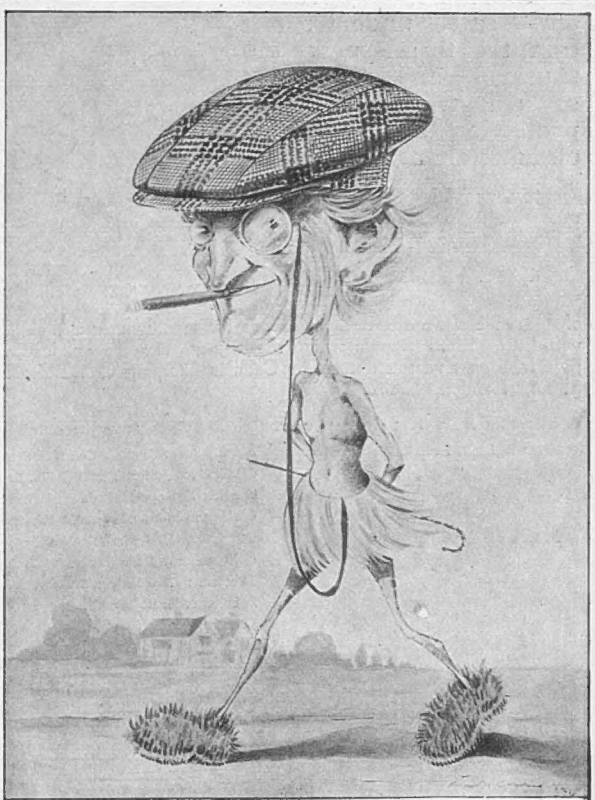

Doggie Caps

the above cap, the "REEPHAM," is ideal for motoring and golfing, and can be raised like a bowler hat. Pro. Prot. No. 26025.

Humorous booklet and list of agents on application.

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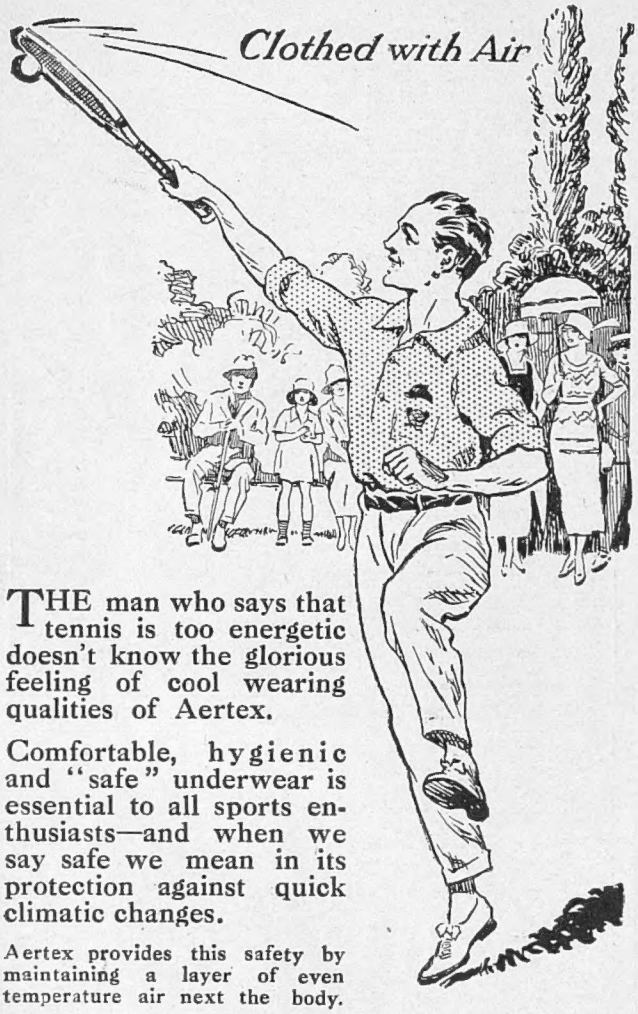

THE man who says that tennis is too energetic doesn't know the glorious feeling of cool wearing qualities of Aertex.

Comfortable, hygienic and "safe" underwear is essential to all sports enthusiasts—and when we say safe we mean in its protection against quick climatic changes.

Aertex provides this safety by maintaining a layer of even temperature air next the body.

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Birmingham: Hyam & Co., New Street.
Cambridge: Joshua Taylor & Co., Ltd.
Cardiff: E. Roberts, Ltd., 30, Duke Street.
Carlisle: Robinson Bros., English Street.
Congleton: Hodgkinson & Yoxall.
Chippenham: J. Hutchings, 49, Market Pl.
Evesham: H. S. Knight, 32, High Street.
Farnham: H. K. Bentall, 20, Borough.
Hereford: Pritchard & Sons, High Town,
High Wycombe: Hull, Loosley & Pearce, Ltd.
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THE "DAHLIA"

Bel-Broid Nightgown in "fine" Tarantulle, beautifully hand-embroidered, and slotted satin ribbon. **18/11**

Hand - embroidered Lingerie that saves pounds

In buying Bel-Broid direct from us—the actual embroiderers—you obtain exclusive and dependable lingerie at prices that save pounds on trousseau or wardrobe.

At our low Makers' Prices

you cannot find embroidery more exquisite than that of the famous Belgian and French needlewomen who now work for us in this country. Nor can you find a more lasting material than soft, pure, snow-white Tarantulle. Low price and long wear. See Bel-Broid on approval by return as invited below. On a single garment you save many shillings—and secure a lasting delight.

Bel-Broid is also made of other materials in White, Pink, Helio, Lemon, and Sky.

THE "DAHLIA" SET

As example above, is made of "fine" Tarantulle, hand-embroidered in a pretty open-work design and threaded soft, satin ribbon. Nightgown **18/11**, Combinations **17/6**, Chemise **11/6**, Knickers **10/6**, Camisole **8/6**. **Complete set 65/-. All post free.**

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Bel-Broid

SELECTION ON APPROVAL

Ask us to send some sample garments for your inspection, and state whether you desire simple or elaborate embroidery. The usual trade references should be enclosed with order or deposit for approximate cost.

THIS BUTTERFLY TRADE-MARK appears on every genuine Bel-Broid Garment.

Every Garment made of Tarantulle bears notification of the fact.

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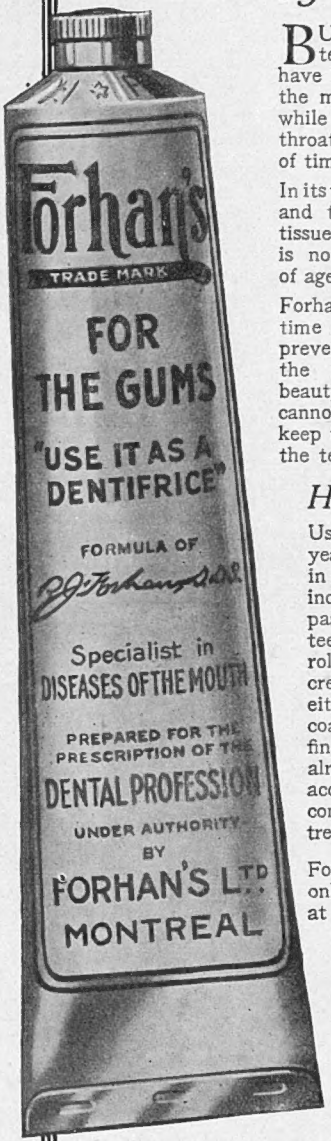
Still Beautiful by Candle-Light

BUT the pitiless light of day tells a different story. Lips have lost their soft, red pout—the mouth seems hard and old, while the ivory pillar of her throat shows the subtle marks of time.

In its withering effect upon mouth and throat, the degeneration of tissue that comes with Pyorrhea is not unlike the degeneration of age.

Forhan's For the Gums, used in time and used consistently, will prevent Pyorrhea, and eliminate the menace to health and beauty. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.



How to use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place half-an-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Massage your gums either with your Forhan-coated brush or with the finger. If gum shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist for special treatment.

Forhan's comes in one size only. 2/6 a double-size tube at all Chemists.

If your chemist cannot supply you, send direct to THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4. who will forward a tube for 2/6 post free.

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

Never cut the cuticle. Cutting makes rough, ragged edges and causes hangnails.

With an orange stick wrapped with cotton and dipped in Cutex, work around the base of the nail, gently push back the cuticle. Wipe off the dead cuticle and wash the hands.

The wrong and the right way to manicure

NEVER cut the cuticle. When the cuticle is trimmed or cut, the skin about the base of the nail becomes dry and ragged. It roughs up, forms hangnails, and makes your whole hand unattractive.

All specialists agree that in caring for the nails your effort should be to keep the cuticle unbroken.

Cutex was scientifically prepared to meet the need for a harmless cuticle remover. With Cutex you can have shapely, symmetrical nails without clipping or cutting. It is absolutely harmless. The moment you use it, you realise you have at last found the one simple, successful way to take care of the cuticle.

Follow the directions under the illustrations. Your first manicure will be a delightful surprise to you. Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 2/6. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 5/- bottles. Liquid Nail Enamel 3/-. You can get Cutex at all chemist's, perfumer's and stores.

A manicure set for 1/-

For 1/- we will send you the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, not as large as our standard set, but containing enough of the Cutex preparations for at least six complete manicures. Use the coupon below. Address our English selling agents, Henry C. Quelch & Co., 4 and 5, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4.

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The popularity of Cutex has resulted in the appearance of many imitations. Do not confuse these substitutes with the original "Cutex," which is always packed in dainty black boxes with a pink seal. Every article bears our registered title "CUTEX."

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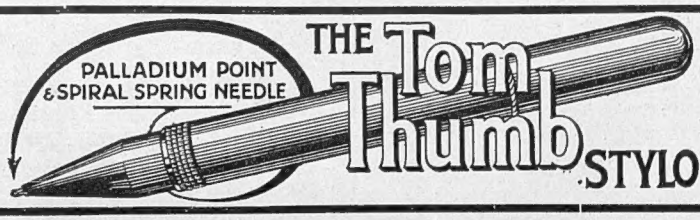

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Have you ever thought of the happiness you can get by keeping a pictorial record of those scenes and incidents that give the sparkle and the zest to life? Think of the hundreds of jolly little pictures that will be waiting for your Kodak this Summer—pictures of your motor trips, your rambles and your sports; pictures of your home, your garden and your children. Save all these pictures in your Kodak Book of Happiness—they will be priceless in years to come.

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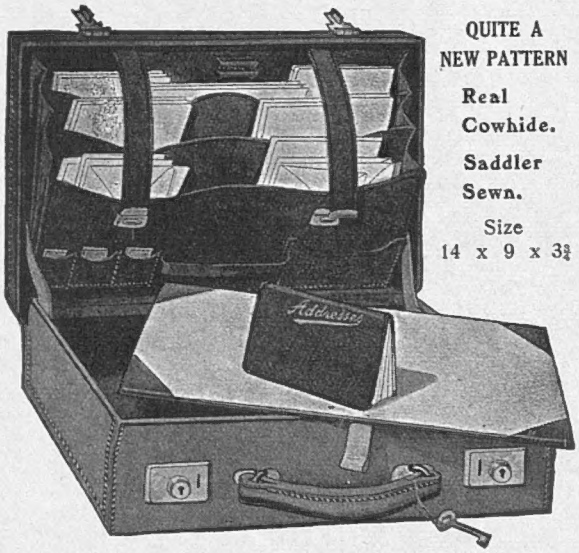

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Size 14 x 9 x 3¾

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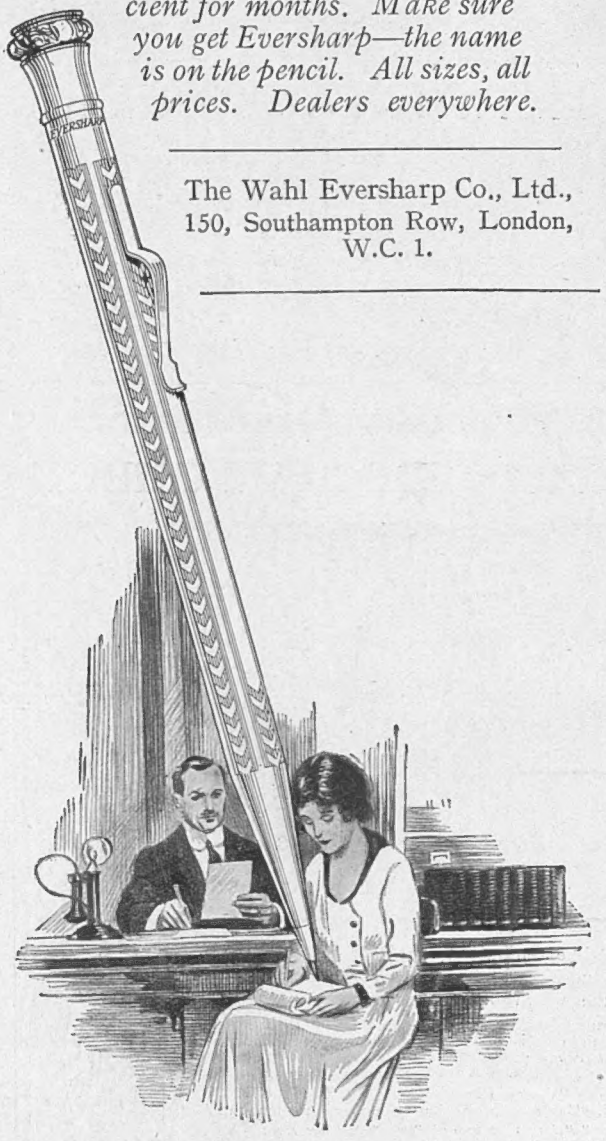

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Thinking of the Holidays?

Perhaps you are unavoidably foregoing your much-needed holiday this year. Meanwhile, however, the body and brain which have served you so faithfully during the past year are crying out for rest, and unless they get it a physical and mental breakdown may result.

In such circumstances doctors are daily prescribing Sanatogen with the most beneficial results. Sanatogen enriches the blood, nourishes the nerves, and revitalises every function of the body; thus enabling you to maintain a balance of power between the rival forces of destruction and repair.

Sanatogen is no secret remedy; its composition—albumin and phosphorous in true organic combination—is known and approved by doctors throughout the whole civilised world.

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"The user of Sanatogen is richly rewarded in freedom from languor, a gain of strength and activity, alertness of mind, with a rapid restoration of the ability to plan and execute."

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When unlocking or locking the lock nuts in the tappets for the purpose of adjustment, it should be noted that both the small hexagon nut and the locking nut itself should be held with spanners, and that equal pressure should be put on each spanner in opposite directions so as to relieve the strain which would otherwise be brought on the tappet body and the roller jaw.

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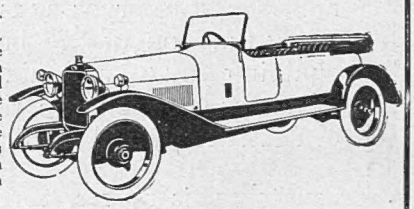
At the Essex Motor Club speed trials Capt. Geach, driving the 6-cylinder Sunbeam which was so successful at Brooklands, made the fastest time over the course. The remarkable efficiency of the Sunbeam engine has now been proved beyond reach of all scepticism.



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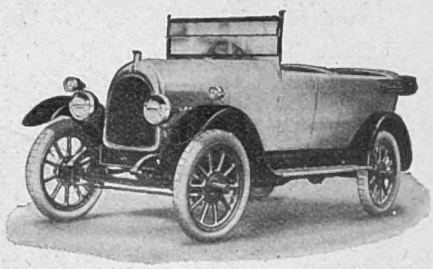
The Smooth-Running 11·9 BEAN

Extract from "Country Life," June 26th, 1920.

"THE robustness which is such a feature of the Bean Chassis is fully reflected in the behaviour of the car on the road. As one rides in it one gets the impression of riding in a car that, if its engine is small, is anything but small in its prowess. The generous body accommodation and adequate springing, combined with the fact that the car is not ultra light, make it a particularly smooth-running vehicle on the road and one in which one may travel for long distances without becoming unduly fatigued."



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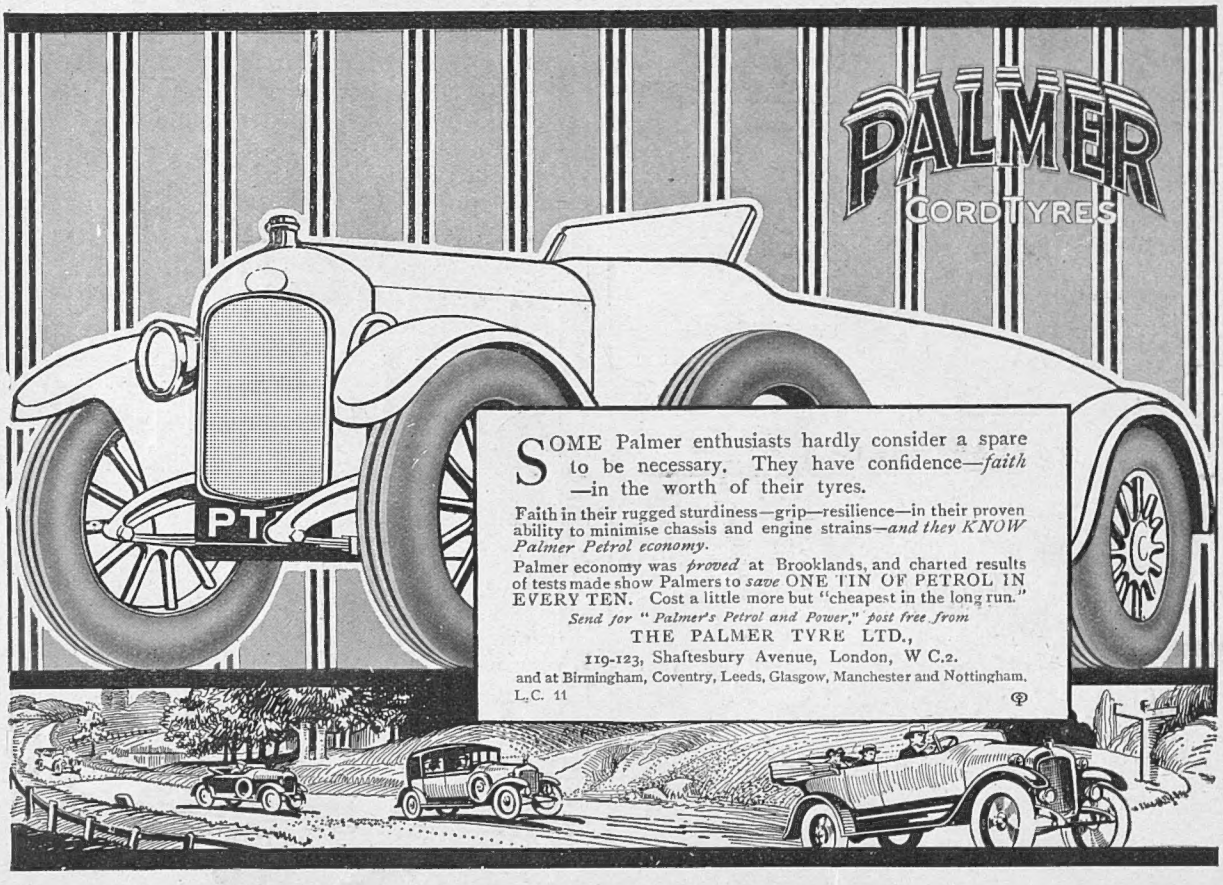
St. James's 21

For front, back and spares – specify Palmers



SOME Palmer enthusiasts hardly consider a spare to be necessary. They have confidence—*faith*—in the worth of their tyres.

Faith in their rugged sturdiness—grip—resilience—in their proven ability to minimise chassis and engine strains—*and they KNOW Palmer Petrol economy.*

Palmer economy was *proved* at Brooklands, and charted results of tests made show Palmers to *save* ONE TIN OF PETROL IN EVERY TEN. Cost a little more but "cheapest in the long run."

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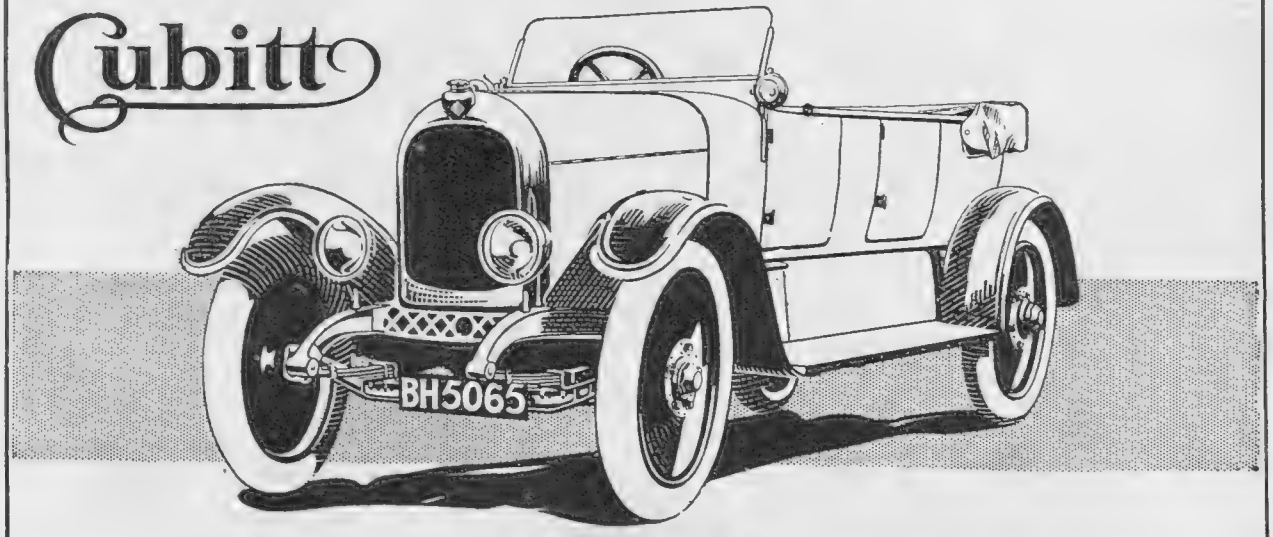

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Brief Specification

Engine, four-cylinder 80 m.m. x 140 m.m.; four speed gate change and reverse. Overhead worm drive back axle; 815 x 105 Beldam Rubber Non-skid Tyres. Four-seater Touring Body, painted grey. Wind screen, One-man hood. Five wheels, Four tyres. Electric Lighting and Starting Set. Complete equipment of accessories.

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PICKLE

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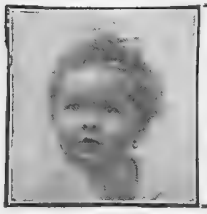

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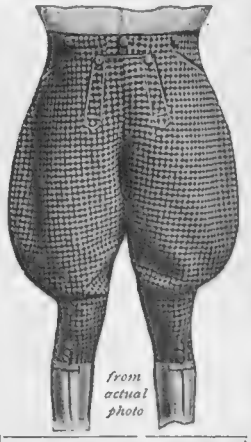

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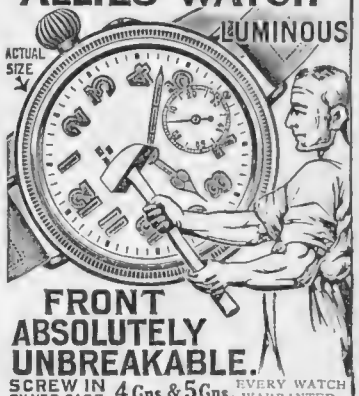

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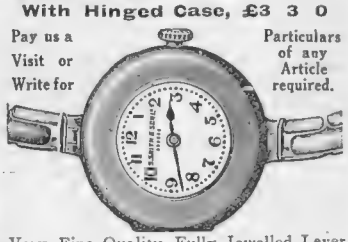

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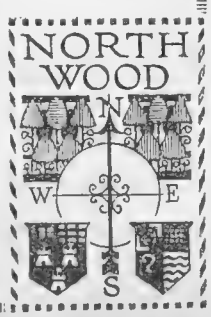

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Only excellence made the world use

Pears'

SOAP

for 130 years.

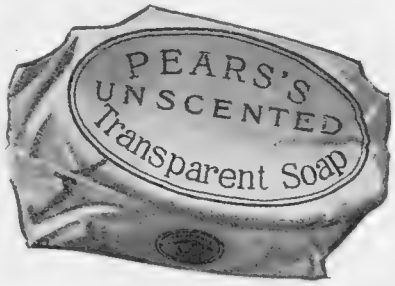
IT is surprising that many people in these days should still misunderstand the motive of advertising and still regard with a certain amount of suspicion any firm which has enough confidence in its own productions to proclaim that they are good. The cost of advertising, in their opinion, is added on to the price of the goods, and the public have to pay through the nose for what is merely an exhibition of self conceit on the part of the manufacturer.

The sober truth is of course that the increase of trade, which invariably results when a valuable commodity is intelligently advertised, is so great that the manufacturer, after paying all advertising expenses, is able, by the economies of mass production, actually to sell at a lower price than would have been possible if he had never advertised at all. If therefore you buy a well-advertised article you are getting the highest value for your money.

And there is another point to remember: A firm that advertises gives hostages to fortune. If you buy a well-advertised article and *dislike* it you will take very good care to get something else next time. The very advertisements that made you buy it in the first instance will simply remind you of your disappointment. A good advertisement may make a first sale, but only the qualities of the articles themselves can make people repeat their purchase. Thus, a firm which proclaims its wares as the best obtainable, the wares themselves on trial proving inferior, might for a very short time make a profit through trial orders; but the prosperity would not last six months. In a short time the firm would be dead.

PEARS' SOAP has been advertised perhaps more than any article in the world. It has been bought by the public for 130 years, and it is actually more popular to-day than it has ever been before. That is because, when we say it is the best and purest toilet soap, the public by long experience know that we speak the truth. It *is* the best. If you yourself, by some chance, have not yet used it, you should do so at once; it is a duty you owe your skin.

Above is an actual photograph of a tablet of Pears' Soap taken against the light.



The above wrapper has represented soap excellence for over 100 years.

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"Bective" Shoes are *Quality* Shoes.

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The Bystander, July 28, 1920. No. 869. Vol. LXVII.

The BYSTANDER

BY FRANK HART

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Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
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2.30 6.0 8.45
Programme commencing Monday, July 26.
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Nightly at 8. Mats. Tues., Sats. and August Bank Holiday at 2.
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[By A. E. W. MASON]
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Etc., Etc.

A further Instalment of
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BY E. F. BENSON.

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Peace Conferences—

It is to be hoped that Mr. Lloyd George and the Allied Premiers will be very careful in their selection of places for future Peace Conferences. Spa, Lympne, San Remo, and such pleasant spots would have been well enough for Peace Conferences of old. Everything was simpler in the brave old days. When a war was finished, fighting ceased, peace was made, the winner taking the better end of it, so to speak, and things went on quietly till the next war. But we have changed all that. Peace is a bloody business to-day. Our rulers have to attend Peace Conferences with a pistol in one hand and a pen in the other. They have to be attended by their generals to manœuvre their troops, and their secretaries to draw up their most recent ideas about peace terms.

—New Style

Now the influence of environment is very powerful over men's minds. Mr. Lloyd George is notoriously susceptible to scenery, especially of a mountainous description. Lympne, San Remo, Spa, and similar charming spots, have much too peaceable an influence for men engaged in fighting a modern peace. I would suggest that for the next year, at least, the monthly Peace Conference should be held in Ireland or Syria or some other country where the people understand how to run a peace in the new style. The atmosphere of Cork would be much more suitable for the handling of a Stinnes than that of Spa.

"Richest and Baldest"

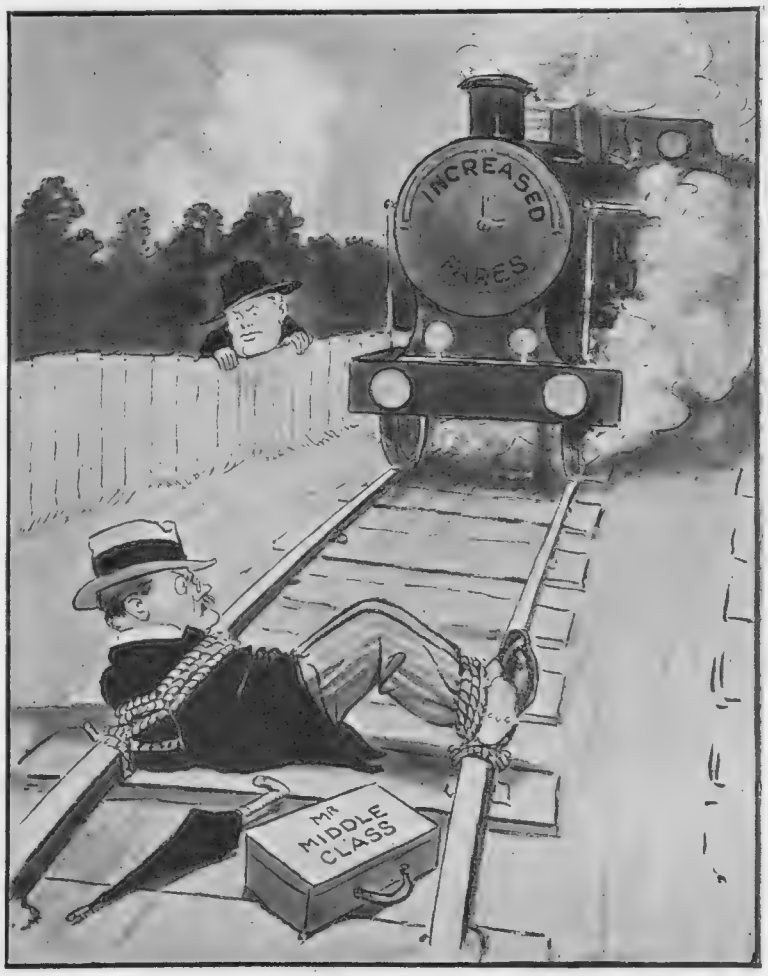
Advantage might be taken of this influence of environment in various other ways, much to the benefit of the country. Never, it is said, have there been so many rich men in the House of Commons as there are to-day. According to Lord Fisher it is the "richest and baldest" House on record. Now the atmosphere of a House like this is evidently far too rich for Mr. Austen Chamberlain, only, of course, in his capacity of Chancellor of the Exchequer. He should spend all his mornings in the City amongst men whose chief idea is making, not spending, money. His vacations should be spent in Scotland, from which country he should engage all his secretaries, as well as his household staff. He and Sir Eric Geddes should never be allowed to get in close proximity to one another. It would be better, indeed, if they never met at all. Their mutual influence must be very bad for them.

What of Eric?

As for Sir Eric, it is difficult to know what would be best for him. Perhaps he might be sent to board in one of the outer suburbs with a large family of the new poor. He should come to the House every day by tram, 'bus, or underground, and return home in the same way. I hardly think that holidays would be good for him. There are too many people about in spending mood at holiday time. He would have to be like the new poor, deprived of holidays by his own fares.

Land Again

I have never owned any land and I do not suppose I ever shall own any. I should not know what to do with it or how to look after it, and am therefore quite content to leave it in the hands of those who do. I notice that nowadays the people who have owned



TRYING VERY HARD! By F. Buchanan

Eric (*the villain*): "Even this may not do it—the hero of the piece takes a devil of a lot of killing!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

most land and owned it longest are selling it as fast as they can. Yet the people who have never owned an acre and who are as ignorant about land as I am, seem to go quite crazy whenever they think about it. Here are the Jews at each other's throats in Farringdon Street, E.C., about the land in Palestine before they have planted so much as a potato in it. Mr. Bohm, Dr. Katzenelson, Mr. Bengorion, Mr. Zuckerman, Mr. Zlatapolsky, Dr. Klee, and Dr. Weizmann, with many other Zionists, under the Presidency of Lord Rothschild, could not talk about land away off in Palestine without "uproar." Goodness knows what will happen when they all get out there and begin to argue with dangerous things like spades and forks in their hands. The Peace Conference will have to make a trip to Palestine before many years have passed.

The Songsters

THEN our Labour Members the other day, excited about something, burst into song, an excellent outlet for deep emotion. But they did not sing about railway fares, house shortage, the high cost of living, or any of the things that affect us all so deeply just now. They sang about "the land." I wonder how many of them know anything about land. However, if the House of Commons is going in for singing seriously, it will have to take Dan Leno's advice. Dan was taken to the House once to hear a debate. When he was asked what he thought of it, he simply said, "It wants a piano, badly."

Keep to the Left

ONE would not expect a departmental committee to concern itself with a question such as this: "Should vehicles continue to keep to the left?" True, August is coming, the silly season impends; it may be, too, that here is a committee for which nothing is too large, nothing too small. Especially too small. One might have thought that here (at last!) is something that could be let alone, and that no one would want to imperil our lives by teaching the farmer to keep to the right. Though it is only fair to say that, when he meets a car, the farmer carefully keeps all over the road. So I am surprised to find Sir Harry Brittain supporting the new idea on the plea that "it would bring our rule of the road into conformity with that of the rest of the world." Is the honourable member really prepared to reverse every "point" and to invert every branch on every tramway in the country . . . to do the same thing as they do in Paris or Berlin? I cannot believe it. Unless we are stricken with the desire ascribed to Harris by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, viz., to walk on our hands and wave our feet in the air, to show what original minds we have.

Pylons

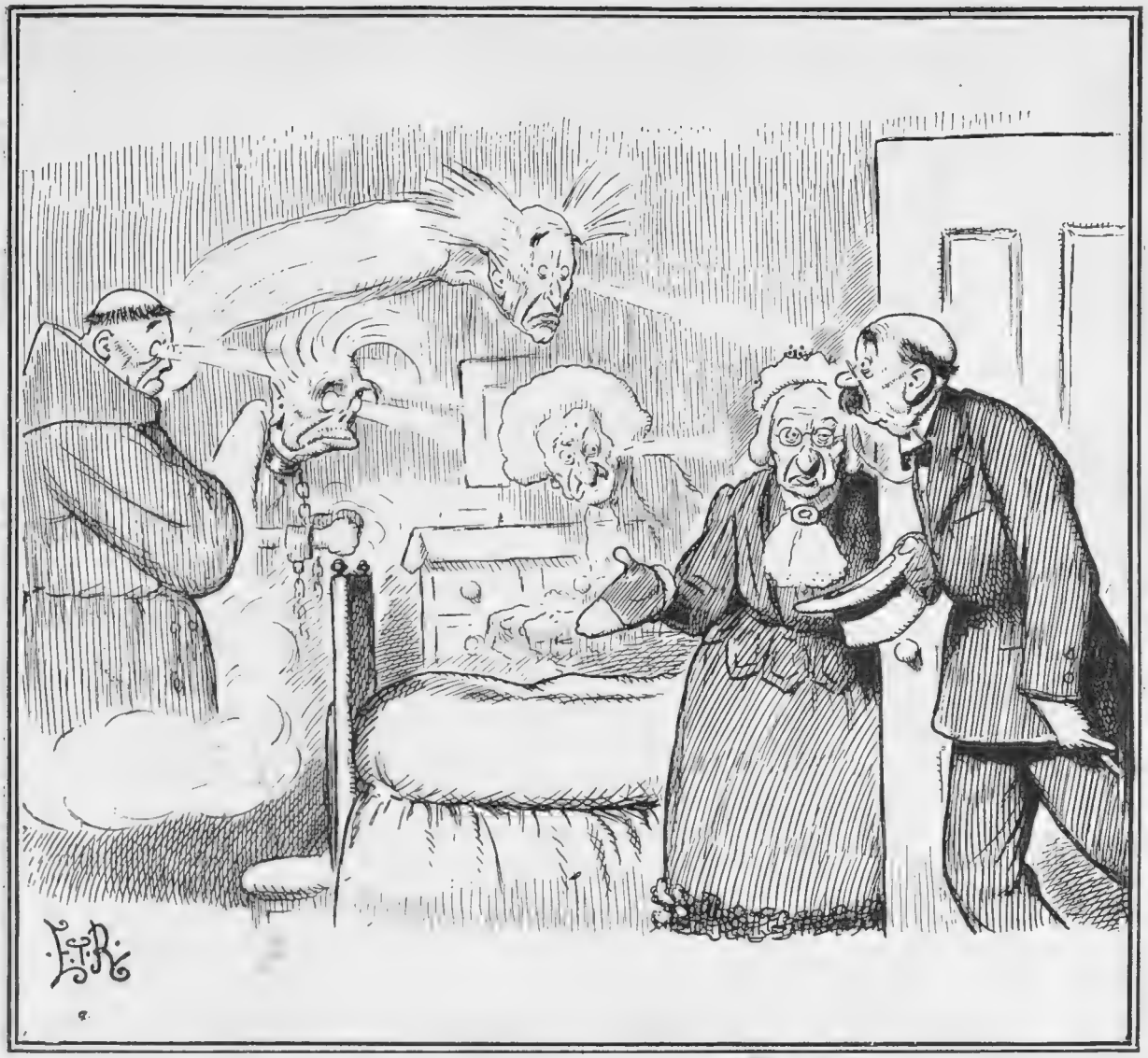
I EXPECT that by now Sir Frank Baines is rather sorry he spoke, for never has an architectural proposal been met with such a chorus of invective as the one which receives his suggestion for a war memorial at Hyde Park Corner. With one of the arguments I have no sympathy, though it seems to move many of my acquaintances to the shallows which they choose to call their depths: the Egyptian monument might compel the withdrawal of the Green Park arch and quadriga.

Why Not New Ones?

WELL, I feel no animus against these estimable monuments, but I confess to a certain architectural waywardness, and see much good in the idea of pulling down our monuments every few years and putting up a new set. For who is not tired of the Crystal Palace? Of Rowland Hill's bronze trousers? I nurse visions too extensive for a paragraph of a new National Gallery a hundred yards high, of a Shakespeare statue removed from Leicester Square. Yet I must join those who revile Sir Frank Baines, for he seems

By W. E. WIGFULL

THE WALK TO BRIGHTON—AS IT MAY BE THIS YEAR!



By E. T. Reed

OLIVER LODGE-INGS AT THE SEASIDE; OR, WANTED A SPIRIT LICENCE

Landlady (*of "The Spooks," Hauntham-on-Sea*): "Now this is a very nice room, sir—the only one I have free till the end of September. Them, sir? Oh! they're only *sperrits*, sir, as you might say; *they* won't ill-convenience *you*, sir!"

to have forgotten that Hyde Park Corner is the worst site in London, that it is merely made up of the tag ends of the streets that meet there. We don't want our attention drawn any more to this dustheap of traffic by a spectacular monument. Piccadilly and forget! That is our motto as we pass St. George's.

A Possible Use for It

But I do not yet feel quite satisfied that London has finally escaped the Pylon. It will not be put up as a war memorial, but when the designs were in the House of Commons, Sir Eric Geddes must have seen them. The Pylon would make a splendid and suitable office for Sir Eric. It would be a grandiose place to lose a million a week in. We may yet have to pay for the Pylon.

2d. a Mile

So it has come, and say what we may, it will stay. Soon we shall calculate our fares by doubling those shown in the pre-war A.B.C. Right or wrong, one thing is certain, we cannot go on like this, filling up the deficits of the railway companies, thus involving ourselves and our pockets in accounts that nobody seems to understand; for another, the raising of fares may make it possible to return the railways to private enterprise. As to that I have an open mind, but I feel sure that the present system is bad; either nationalise or set free, either course has charms, but do not let us go on "controlling" badly and at great cost. As for the holiday-makers, my voice may cry alone, but I say: "Why should we put off the higher fares? Somebody must pay for the railway deficit. Why should it not be the people who use them? The money must be found either out of the taxes or out of the fares. Therefore it seems to me that it is the holiday-makers who should pay and not those who stay at home."

Margot Asquith's Autobiography

The excitement created, by the way, in almost every section of society by the publication of Mrs. Asquith's Autobiography in the *Sunday Times* continues unabated. Readers of that journal have found that their high expectations are being more than fulfilled, and await each succeeding instalment, week by week, with eager interest.

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The End of the Season

THE Season ends, as the French say, with *tambours battants* — dinner parties for their Majesties of Spain, the Ancaster dinner and dance for the Royal Princes and our particular Royal Princess, and the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. There is also another "and" —this is Mr. Burdett-Coutts's party in the Baroness's historic house at the corner of Stratton Street for the multitude of Archbishops and Bishops now in London for the Lambeth Conference. So the season ends most fittingly in an atmosphere of Church and State.

I'm afraid I've never been very much impressed by Bishops, Deans, or Archbishops, but in their evening purple-breeches, gaiters, aprons, and frogged coats—they really are most decorative and impressive. It was so kind of Mr. Burdett-Coutts to ask the great ecclesiastics from home and overseas to meet the House of Lords and the House of Commons. I'm sure it did what is usually called "Quite a lot of good."

Fresh Air *versus* "Fag."

ONE point strikes your BYSTANDER about the close of this season, and that is the freshness and unjadedness of all the young folk. Before the War the ravages of the Season's fatigue sent countless maidens to the rouge-pot and the face-masseuse before July was begun. As for the young men many of them were beyond the help of vibro-massage. A dance at the end of July was a spectacle of weariness bravely camouflaged. But, bless you, the young folk this year are as fresh as daisies. A riddle if you like, but the answer isn't "lemon." It's tennis and fresh air.

Ranelagh, Roehampton, Hurlingham, Queen's Club have been *choc-à-bloc* every day for weeks past with tennis-players. Luncheons and afternoon parties in London proper have been practically empty of young people. If they were not playing tennis—and most of them did—it was golf.

Photograph *Newspaper Illustrations*

THE PRINCE IN AUSTRALIA

At Colac, Victoria, he received a number of nurses, one of whom he is seen greeting above

Photograph *Sport and General*

A V.C. WEDS A PEERESS IN HER OWN RIGHT

Lieut.-Commander A. W. Shelton Agar, V.C., D.S.O., R.N., with his bride who before her marriage was the Baroness Furnivall. She is a daughter of the late 14th Baron Petre

A Vanished Occupation

THE War has killed one profession—that of the professional "diner-out," male and

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

With Marshal Pétain at the Pershing Stadium, Paris, watching the trials for the French team in the Olympic Games

female. You know the type. They talked for their dinner, and were a boon and a blessing to stupid hostesses. It was not a wholly admirable profession. In most cases it meant hanging on to the skirts of great ladies, living in one room in St. James's, and eating

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU WITH HIS FIANCÉE

On the pier at Brighton where Miss Pearl Crake is convalescing after her recent operation for appendicitis. The wedding is to take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in a few weeks' time

Photograph *Newspaper Illustrations*

THE TRENCHARD-BOYLE WEDDING

Air-Marshal Sir H. M. Trenchard was last week married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to the Hon. Mrs. James Boyle. Bride and bridegroom are here seen leaving the church

at a chop-house when no invitation filled the evening. Flattery, gossip, subservience, chatter on the last new book, the last *on dit*, imperturbable good temper, and blindness to all affronts were the essentials of the profession. Mr. G. S. Street pilloried the type for all time in his *Trials of the Bantocks*.

Does It Still Exist?

But if the war has destroyed the need of their services it doesn't follow that the war has swept them away. Their need of dinners—those of them who remain—must be as great as ever, and therefore I wonder if this advertisement is a tacit acceptance of the new conditions and a "resigning" of the old order of bear-leader to the newly-rich to meet the necessities of the newest-rich.

This is the advertisement in the *Times*: "Gentleman of good birth offers to instruct and give hints to those who are conscious, or perhaps unconscious of small mannerisms and faults of speech and accent disadvantageous to themselves, and at once noticeable to others. Absolute discretion and secrecy."

The first thing that leaps to the

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (*concluded*)

eye is that anybody who was "unconscious" of, say, misplaced "h's," or a hazy knowledge of singular and plural number to verbs would remain "unconscious," and so leave the "gentleman" without a client. But for those who are "conscious" of the difference between their "small mannerisms" and the accent of a world into which their munitioneering and profiteering pennies have wafted them, there is a play called *Pygmalion* by Mr. Bernard Shaw. Let them read it before they succumb to "Gentleman's" temptation.

A Word of Warning

You or I wouldn't think that the custom of putting the cards of callers on the hall-table could possibly lead to much annoyance and trouble to any of our visitors. But the world of fraud grows more and more adept and ingenious. I tell you this little history so that you may give orders for all cards to be put in a place out of sight of anybody who has to "wait in the hall."

A fortnight ago a smartly-dressed young man called at the house of an acquaintance of mine. He told the butler that he had been sent by the manager of a theatre at which the lady was giving a charity matinée. The butler took the message to his mistress. When he returned the young man had vanished.

The next day a young man, *tiré à toutes épingles*, went into the shop of a big jeweller in Bond Street. He chose a considerable amount of valuable jewellery, asking that his purchases and the bill should be sent to him. He gave the card of a well-known Marquis, but before he handed it to the assistant he scratched out a printed address and wrote the name of a big hotel at the top, saying, airily, "I'm staying there, because our town house is closed."

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

THE DUKE OF YORK

At the recent opening of the Henry Radcliffe Convalescent Home for Seamen at Limpsfield, Surrey

A Fortunate Coincidence

Now, by one of those odd coincidences that happen nine hundred and ninety-nine times in a thousand novels, and only once in umpteen million times in real life, this particular jeweller's assistant had, that self-same morning, taken to the Marquis of ——, at his parents' house in London, a bracelet made by his firm from the young Lord's design—a birthday present for his sister.

"You're not Lord —— !" he said. "I know him." Whereupon the smart young man bolted out of the shop The outcome of enquiries was this. The Marquis of —— called upon my friend. She being out, he left a card which the butler put with others on the hall table. The Marquis's card was missing.

So you see how it was done. The smart young man had no more to do with the manager of the theatre than you or I with Cleopatra's Needle. He had seen the lady's name in the announcements. But isn't it diabolically clever?

Photograph] **AT THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE EX-EMPRESS EUGÉNIE** [*G. P. U.*

His Majesty is here seen leaving St. Michael's Abbey with the King of Spain and Prince Victor. On the right are Queen Mary and the Queen of Spain, and in the doorway is Princess Clementine

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE BYSTANDER

ILLUSTRATED BY BUTTERFLY

HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *July* 26.

DEAR COUSIN—

RATHER a shifting, restless world, this one of ours just now. And I don't mean only the big, important-sounding world of *la haute politique*, with all its spurts and flares of strife everywhere—Syria, Persia, Mesopotamia, Russia, Chili, China, and even Ireland.

卐 卐

IT's the end of the season . . . the holidays. . . . Another curtain coming down on another act of what Gilbert Cannan, the mystic, calls "this carmagnole, this carnival of laughter over nothing" that is life. Goodwood this week and Cowes to follow next, in those opening days of August which are for workers as well as "Society" the signal for a move, a hurried scurry to another corner of the cage, as the cynics would put it.

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BUT no use being cynical about life, is it? A cynic, as some one says, is a person who takes little views of great things. And life, after all—I think it was Edith Sichel said in one of her books—is sometimes delightful, often disgusting, but always infinitely worth living. And never more worth living and having, surely, than in those oh-so-dearly-bought intervals when just for a little space we can look on it restfully from afar, like the philosophers of old.

"The holidays"

WHEN it is framed and transfigured and rarefied in the clean, clear air of a little green-wooded bay among the white cliffs, where worries are washed out of existence by the lapping, sparkling waves, and the mere drawing of breath is an exalted ecstasy. Or when we lie for the moment—carefree, on the rolling Sussex hills, just half-hearing the whisper of the pines and the faint drum of bees—

> . . . and the soft kiss
> Of breathless heather upon heather.

"Karsavina"

And after the dazzling riot of a sunset of ever-spreading molten gold, bathe ourselves in the fathomless peace of—

> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

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I SUPPOSE it's really only in the intervals that one does *really* enjoy life—consciously enjoy it, I mean, even though it's all "infinitely worth living." Among aforesaid intervals being included an evening at that Russian Ballet of which Rupert Brooke once said that "it, if anything, can redeem our civilisation."

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IN the exquisiteness of the Matisse deep blues and rich reds and ethereal pinks of Stravinsky's *Le Chant du Rossignol*, the world once more is well forgot. And when Karsavina is the nightingale and—

> To melodies magic, entrancing,
> The fair Sokolova is dancing,

or the fascinating ballets of *Le Astuzie Femminili*

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

are enchanting our senses—well, life seems very much more than merely worth while.

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BUT these now, for a while, are pleasures that are drifting into the past. London, as some one puts it, has once again become a spacious city. And though *partir, c'est toujours mourir un peu*, it seems, to those of us who can, more than worth the wrench and the weariness thereof to journey in search of rest (or fresh excitement) to the uttermost ends of the Kingdom.

"Cheaper to go to Paris"

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THOUGH to remain here in England now is rapidly becoming, meseems, a luxury only attainable of the arch-millionaire or super-gilded profiteer. Really cheaper, now, you know, to go abroad than to stay at home, what with special fares for trips to Paris and places, while our own railways double and treble and even quadruple their rates. Positively have to take to walking tours soon, we shall, with knapsacks and things on our backs—if we don't incontinently emigrate that is.

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AS they say in *The Skin Game*, the country's not what it was—getting very new. Even talking of introducing, what *do* you think?—Women parsons. And when even *The Times* calls it "quite reasonable" that women should be allowed to preach and asks why they shouldn't anyway conduct services for children. . . . Looks as though the old country was getting ahead of her daughters, if Australia (or was it N.Z.) *did* give her a bit of a lead in the way of the suffrage and things.

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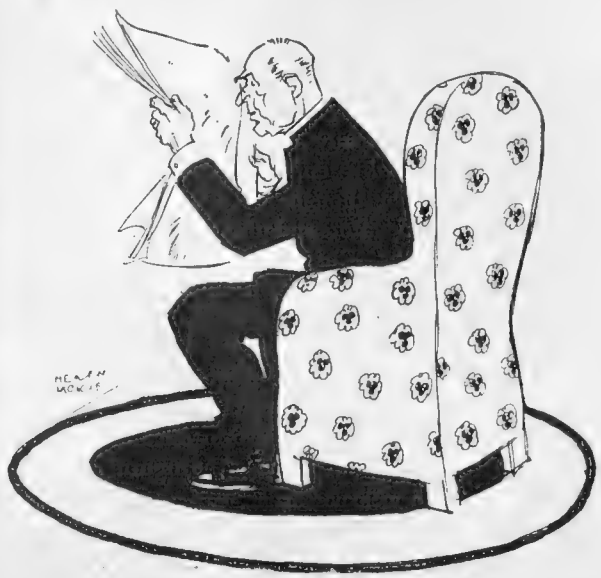
Apropos—"Can you use your influence, please," writes a perfectly good Aussie from Sydney, N.S.W., "to get them to hold the next Peace Conference here? When in Europe in connection with certain recent troublous events I found that the Australian was generally regarded as a kind of Aborigine who (though useful in war time) was rough, rude, and uncouth, spoke English with almost as noticeable a twang as the aboriginal inhabitants of London, and in short was not at all the kind of person to be admitted into select society, especially as during the late hostilities he somehow made himself particularly unpopular with the now rehabilitated Hun.



"Even 'The Times' calls it reasonable"

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"NOW I am quite prepared to admit, if you want me to, Blanchette, that we are still more or less Children of Nature. As the poet hath it—

Little wild prairie flowers are we,
Growing wilder hour by hour—
Nobody ever cultivated me . . .
Sh!——we're wild!!

But it's not our fault. We've never had a proper chance. Titled Governors come, talk about "birth-stains," and go. They don't really try to uplift us. But a Peace Conference, with all its galaxy of genuine talent and *chic* from Criccieth, Armenia, Palestine, and elsewhere—it would be the making of us. We should learn, then or never, how to be little English gentlemen—which is, need I say, our one and only and ever burning hope and desire?'"

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CAN it be, I wonder, that the dear thing has his tongue ever so slightly in his cheek? Hope not, I'm sure—but yes, I do believe I'd forgive him even that, remembering how . . . . well, *useful* the "wild prairie flowers" from Australia were in those troublous affairs that he mentions.

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AND which were really considered of some importance at the time over here, though now happily forgotten in the excitement of raising a quarter of a million to restore Westminster Abbey, and discussing whether a million-pound War Memorial should be put up at Hyde Park Corner or not. By the way, very successful show held last week, I'm told, for the thousands of officers disabled in the same tiresome business, and not yet provided for in the way of a living.

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BUT let's not talk any more of London, shall we, these July days? When the air is soft, though the heavens may weep and the sun for a space be hidden, and nature even at her least propitious is green and gentle and generous and luscious and kind. Days to live in and (since some day we must die, too) to die in.

With love, yours ever, BLANCHETTE.

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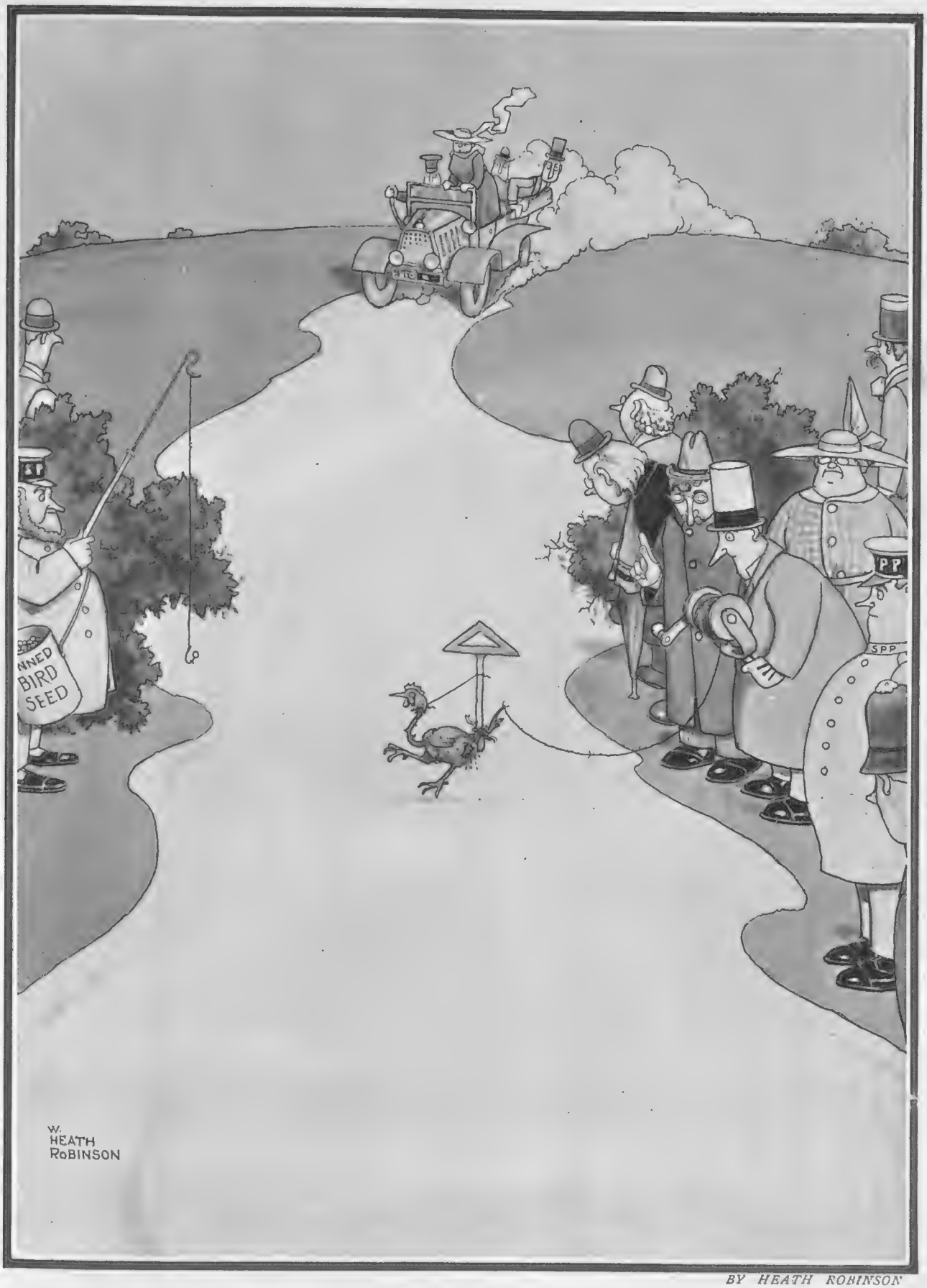


BY HEATH ROBINSON

Prominent officials of the S.P.P. (Society for the Protection of Poultry) trying the effect of a new pullet preserver

Before the Ball!

Photograph *Marc Vaux*

A group of artists and models in Montmartre taken immediately before the "Bal des Quat'z' Arts"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

"One could dance again in the street"

"The Quat'z' Arts Ball"

R'chitecture, ture, ture, ture,
Ceux qu'ont pas d'radis,
La font au lavis !
R'chitecture, ture, ture, ture,
Mais les millionnair's
Y la font en pierr's !
En avant arch ! Quat'z'arts en march !
Place au chahut, place au chahut
Faisons un tel tohu-bohu
Que ça chambarde le bahut
Gô-ô !

MES AMIS—

IF you understand all that you are very clever and deserve to have been with us at the *Bal des Quat'z' Arts*. How to describe it to you ? It is only Marcel who can do it with his pencil—for Marcel, of course, was there. From Pharaoh 1st to the last of the Ptolemies—that has been the period in which we have lived the night. It has been a period well chosen, for with so few centimetres of stuff, even very transparent, one could succeed to make a perfect robe. In these times of the *vie chère* that has been of the greatest consideration, and yet with so little how well everyone has been dressed for dancing the fox-trot and the tango, the *chahut* and *le pompier* with other dances of the ancient Egypt. One has had the idea the next day, when the sad business of to dress for the ordinary life has begun, that it has been much more jolly to build the Pyramids in a shirt and sandals.

ALL that has been wanting to our fête has been that it has been in the Salle Wagram into which we could not introduce the Nile. But there have been crocodiles, the *ichneumon*, the Divine Cat of Bubastis, the wife of the god Ptah, and all the other animals of the ancients that one sees on the column of Luxor, or your Needle of Cleopatra. And to mention the names of all who have been is like to live four centuries of the life of the Nile. There have been at our ball, Anubis, Thot, Isis of the rose and purple veils, Momus with the enamelled eyes and golden face, Hathor with all her priestesses, Pharaohs as numerous as ever they were in Egypt, Rameses the Great, and all the other Rameses with their archers, their warriors and slaves, Thouthmès, Aménophis, and all the contemporaries of Sesostris and Moses.

GI-GI has gone as the daughter of Pharaoh, and has wished that I should be the infant Moses in the bull-rushes. But, as I have been too big to get into the cradle, Phinette, of the Studio C——— has pretended she was a little boy, and been carried in in her basket by the slaves. What quantities of paint it has needed

'The 'Bal des Quart'z' Arts

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

to make us all brown in the places which were exposed. Thank goodness that it has been a warm night, and only those thought to catch cold who stood for hours at the door to watch everyone arrive.

Voilà, the procession begins—*Quat' z 'arts en marche.* There have been 1,800 students of Beaux-Arts with all the prettiest models of Paris, than whom in the world feminine there is nothing more delicate, more *spirituelle*, and more happy in the heart. For to-night they have had their greatest triumph—to be themselves the Queens and beauties they have so often posed to be, on a triumphal car or a dais of feathers, with all their majestic and savage guards, and bringing in their train their slaves in chains, the blacks of the Upper Nile, the dancing girls, priests and priestesses of their cult, and even—because always Bœuf Apis must have a little joke—a sheep shorn bare and covered with hieroglyphics, to represent the spoils of war.

WHAT noise there has been as they entered, all these Kings and Queens of so long ago—the noble call of the trumpets, the deep resonance of gongs, the carillons of bells, and the great shouts of laughter and applause. Then to the dance. *Mes Amis*, they know nothing of dancing who have not danced in Ancient Egypt, and especially in the garments thereof. But they are foolish who think the *Quat 'z 'Arts* is what you call an orgy. Oh, no! The conventions of Art are different from those of the *haut monde* or the *bourgeoisie* but they are all the same conventions. That is why at the door there has been so strict examination of all who entered, and some who have had quite important looking tickets have been turned away. It is not possible that one should admit the Philistines who do not know the conventions of the studios, and who are so base to hire their costumes from a theatrical store or to have them made by the milliner. They are not of the family, and our *Quat'z' Arts* is an affair of the family of the Arts.

"The police have modestly turned their backs"

Malheureusement, even in France the champagne costs dear in these times, and perhaps there were not so many bottles to drink as in the days before the war when our ball was of the epochs of Rome and Greece and Byzantium. But when one uses one's brains you know, neither money nor champagne is needed to make a success. In the great Salle Wagram there has never been such symphony of tone and colour, such harmony and such triumphs of beauty. It is the industrious patience of French art, the joy of creation of something beautiful out of nothing, the happy invention and the what you call "taste" of our people of Montmartre and Montparnasse that makes our ball a success like there is none other in the world at so little cost if there is any at all.

AND after the dance, to supper and home in the dawn. Such robbers as the taxi-chauffeurs are, is it a wonder that our police have sometimes most modestly turned their backs so as not to see how a cloak scarcely concealed a breach of the law of how one shall promenade oneself in the street.

UP in the *Quartier* all day the little dances have continued, and then to bed for so long that when everyone wakened up again it has begun to be the *Quatorze*, and one could dance again in the street, with the orchestra of a fiddle and a harp. How everyone is content in the heart that it has all come back and now—away to Normandy and Brittany or the Cevennes of the great Faun of Paul Dardé to make pictures and lead the simple life of the soul.

PHILIPPE.

La Fête Nationale

BY JEAN ROUTIER

IMPRESSIONS OF JULY 14th IN PARIS

Where They Don't "Talk Shop"

Photograph *Compton Collier*

MISS ROSIE CAMPBELL

Who is now playing a leading part in "The Shop Girl" at the Gaiety Theatre. She is here seen in a part of the world very far removed from "shops" of all kinds

JIG-SAW AT THE HIPPODROME

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

You might call this a Super Revue. It is certainly the most elaborate entertainment of its kind that we have had in London. Scenes of dazzling splendour follow one after the other with a quite amazing lavishness, and the humorists are as plentiful as the currants in a pre-war penny bun. The cost of producing such a show must be a bit staggering to the ordinary mortal, and it would seem to point to the fact that the managers of the Hippodrome at least are not to be reckoned among the New Poor. Among the leading humorists is Laddie Cliff whose first contribution is a sample of the dance known as the Shimmy Shake, in which you shake your shoulders from side to side vigorously as you dance. When the dance is well on its way, a number of ladies join in, and as some of them are rather well developed, the effect is, as you might say, a little obvious.

The Revue is, above all things, spectacular. Quite early in the proceedings we have a "Perfume Ballet" with Miss Winnie Melville as the Perfume Girl, and a chorus representing all the choicest samples of scent in a Bond Street shop window. The scene is richness itself, but it is a mere prelude to that which follows it, entitled "Trimming a Hat." The curtain rises on a hat "shape," the kind of thing your wife buys for a shilling or two and takes to her milliner who puts a bow on it and sends you in a bill for five guineas. The "shape" in this case is magnified about a thousand times, and the trimming is supplied by ladies fanci'ully attired who spread themselves over the landscape as it were, and produce some very charming hats indeed. The general effect of this scene must be as inspiring to the girls in the audience as it must be depressing to their responsible men-folk sadly conscious of an attenuated banking account.

It is in this scene that we first meet the now famous twins, the Dolly Sisters, who are so much alike that I am told if you pinch one of them on the arm the other will have the bruise to show for

(Continued on page 240)

"THIS FOR T

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

HE MATCH"

it. The sisters have their chief turn in a dance with Laddie Cliff in the scene devoted to Sports. They represent a pair of thoroughbreds in harness with Laddie at the ribbons; and the dance is a singularly beautiful and graceful affair. The MacMichael, who was about to start for a holiday, postponed his trip in order to make a proper drawing of the proceedings, though where these fellows get the money from to go holiday-making puzzles me! The Dolly Sisters are, however, something more than mere song-and-dance artists. One of their scenes is called "Limehouse Nights." It is in the Thomas Burke Style, and shows these ladies to be actresses of no mean quality. The Limehouse scene is necessarily associated with opium dens and that sort of thing, and this involves a most effective scene in "Poppyland," with Miss Nancy Gibbs as the leading lady. I have come to the conclusion that the Hippodrome people must have money to burn.

THE leading humorist of the company is Mr. Stanley Lupino. His first outbreak is with Laddie Cliff. The two represent a couple of stagehands who are taking the air (and the beer) outside the stage-door of the Hippodrome, and commenting adversely upon the leading artists, themselves included. As the ladies of the chorus leave the theatre, there is a little playful badinage; and when one of them puts her foot on a rather high chair in order to re-tie her bootlace, Mr. Lupino seems to be fearfully apprehensive of the dire fate that is said to have overtaken Peeping Tom. The turn winds up with an eccentric dance that is a good deal affected by the previous use of the beer can, and the result is a diverting display of acrobatic agility which is quite wonderful to see.

A PLEASING little interlude is the song "Candy Kisses" by Miss Winnie Melville and chorus, which seems to have been introduced for the sole purpose of supplying the audience with free sweetmeats. In the course of the song the ladies of the chorus leave the stage and mingle quite freely with the audience as if they thought we were quite as good as they are, and were not too proud to show it. It gave me quite a shock to see a young and lovely and by no means overdressed girl standing close by me making signs that she was about to throw me a packet

of sweets. I made up my mind that when I got it I would press it to my heart by way of doing proper homage to the donor, and then the man next to me reached out and got the first grab at the goods. I never did have any luck with the fair sex.

MR. LUPINO is quite heroically humorous in the scene entitled "For a Rest." He is supposed to be a patient in a nursing home to which he has come to seek repose and freedom from the cares of the world. About every three minutes one of the nurses hurries in and tells him that it is time to make his bed, and he is dragged out and stood up on the floor while the job is being proceeded with. It looks as if whenever the nurses at the Home have nothing else to do they come and make Mr. Lupino's bed. That, however, is the least of his troubles. His robust friend, represented by Mr. Rupert Hazell, drops in on him and talks him into palpitation of the brain; and then two men with a grievance stride into the room by turns with loaded revolvers, each asking him fiercely if he has seen the other, as there is to be a little fancy shooting in a minute. You get the idea that Mr. Lupino would have a quieter and more peaceful time in the middle of Oxford Street at a busy hour of the day, or on the floor of the Stock Exchange when the bottom is dropping out of the copper market. But it is all very funny, and the stage management of the scene is quite perfect.

MISS DAPHNE POLLARD is, as the programme very truly remarks, just herself. When the revue was first produced Daphne appeared as a police-woman, and in this part she was too funny for words. I believe this scene has now been taken out of the entertainment. Her real scream, however, is as one of the "unwanted million" in the Park. Sitting alone on a seat she waits for a likely-looking man, and at once begins to make herself pleasant in the hope of provoking a real proposal straightaway. She has very little luck, however, till Mr. Stanley Lupino strolls up and sits beside her, and just as things seem to be going along most promisingly, his wife comes to fetch him away from the undesirable company in which she has found him. Daphne does not spare herself in this act, and her strenuous efforts to wring a proposal from a likely man at all costs make a display which is one of the gems of the entertainment.

A "PLANTATION SCENE" personally conducted by Laddie Cliff with the help of a highly decorative chorus, is another of the wonders of the production, which, indeed, is an orgy of splendour from first to last. There has been a good deal of talk lately about a theatrical slump, variously attributed to the hot weather, indifferent plays and the picture palaces. "Jig-Saw," however, can confidently defy all these unfavourable symptoms, and then some more. It is undoubtedly the show of the year.

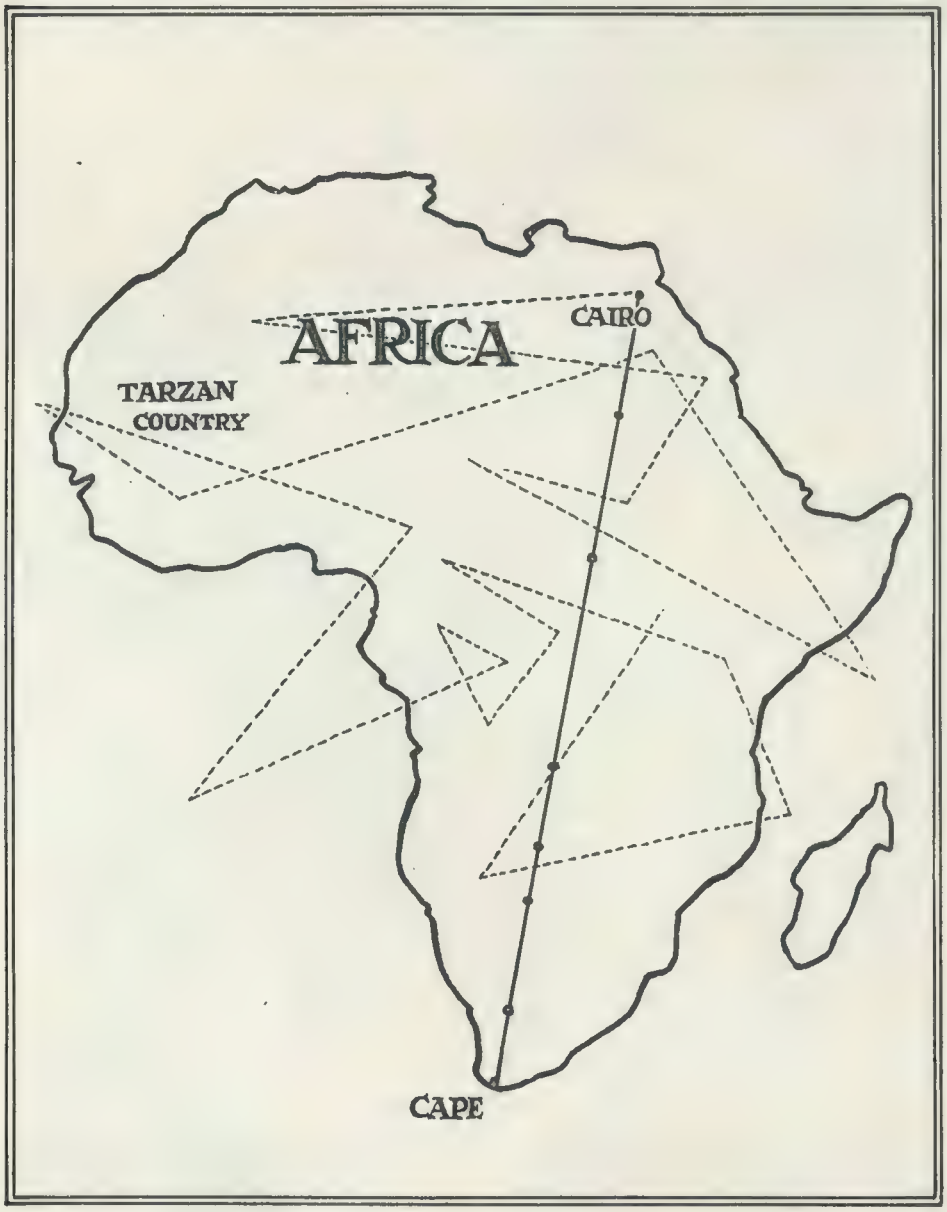
JINGLE.

OUR GREAT AFRICAN FLIGHT.—XV.

DESCRIBED BY "THE BYSTANDER'S" TAME PROFESSOR.

COMPETITORS ON THE SCENE.

As we go to press the news arrives that yet another machine—not THE BYSTANDER'S—has arrived at the Cape. This is the clumsy biplane, equipped by our contemporary, *The Weekly Whiff*, and it is the third machine to fulfil the narrow geographical conditions of the contest, and arrive at the Cape. However, as we are now almost tired of explaining, we do not regard the mere covering of a given mileage as an essential feature of a flight of this kind. The common phrase, "as the crow flies," shows the contemptuous value which men put upon that sort of thing. Our contemporary's machine did fly "as the crow flies," straight from one place to another; so did the *Daily Dump's* machine; so did the *Weekly Scalp's*. Our own machine, as we have so often pointed out, is content to fly as the *bee* flies, neither hastening with tedious directness from one point to another, nor pedantically insisting on any particular destination, but straying happily from corner to corner of the great African garden, culling whatever sweetness offers itself from the humblest flower by the way. How much honey do you imagine the bee would collect if it flew as the crow flies? None at all. Very well, then. Now you understand why THE BYSTANDER machine, 50 per cent. of whose complement consists of scientific experts, keeps wandering about Africa in the curious way it does instead of rushing to the miserable Cape. It is the flowers of science we are after, and everybody knows that there is no science at the actual Cape. On the way, however, there are stacks of it, and our contemporaries are missing it all. Only last week Professor Clump came upon an entirely new kind of ant. Now he has found that the terrible Dryptosaur is *not* extinct. Meanwhile the *Weekly Whiff* people go charging ahead and are astonished when they don't discover *anything*. In these circumstances, while we congratulate our contemporary on what, in a sense, may be called their success, we do not propose to allow it to divert us in any way from the wider purpose which we have set before us.



Route followed by *The Bystander* .....

" " " *The Weekly Whiff* ———

On this page will be found a striking diagram showing the course so far followed by THE BYSTANDER machine and the course followed by those machines which have been content to dash on in the unprofitable, unscientific, and, may we say, unmannerly way of which we have spoken.

The Bystander "Cairo to Cape" Flight

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

No. XV.—"THE TERRIBLE 'DRYPTOSAUR' IS NOT EXTINCT!"

(Professor Clump's latest despatch will be found on the opposite page.)

Pyjamas, Dives, and "Lejligheds"

BY THE BYSTANDER IN COPENHAGEN

THE Copenhagen Bystander has been tearing all along the Coast Railway in order to find a good bathing-place recommendable to Britons. His report is that Zealand Island—the only part of Denmark he's so far investigated—has two exceptional attractions, the Diving and the *Lejligheds*. *Lejlighed* is a specific Danish word, meaning rooms in city, country, or seaside, or even furnished houses, for the mild Danish yokel always has several fragments of houselets, which he lends to summer visitors, while he, his wife and nine children retain one room in each. When the Copenhagen Bystander started on his graceful quest he was warned, "It's primitive." It is. A *Lejlighed* has never a bathroom; and as for other kinds of common comforts—well ask for iced strawberries in the Isles of Greece.

THE food is the *Lejlighed's* crowning glory—butter, unsurrogate eggs, universal, ingenious sausagelet, and that rosy, slithery slime, wolfed with cream, which the Pruss calls *rote Gruetze*, the Russ *kisél*, and the *Lejlighed* landlady *roede groede med floede*, which you can only pronounce when the slime's in your throat. But the *Lejligheds!* In Taarbeck, in Espergaarde—everywhere — the Bystander from Copenhagen was offered bare, blindless, curtainless rooms, with one chair, a cracked table, and an iron bed painted in 1800. As for washing yourself, well, the sea (at least, as far as Elsinore where tipsy Hamlet saw his father's snakes) is fresh water, and even in a *Lejlighed* you can rent soap. It costs vast sums, but not so much as a *Lejlighed*. An honest citizen of Taarbeck offered the Bystander from Copenhagen a a converted garden shed, with a window the size of a ticket-office pigeon-hole, for the rent of £10 a week.

BUT the Diving compensates. In general, the bathing along the Sound—that is anywhere south of Elsinore—is middling. There are beeches, but no beach—merely pebble-rimmed shallow water—and there's no society. The Dane man (south of Elsinore) bathes furtively. He drives piles in shape of a three-sided square into the saltless wave, dumps down boxes thereon, and, so enclosed, bathes with his own indecent sex. His ladies, similarly fenced off from opera-glassed humanity, bathe in an adjacent pen, and only cigar smoke, wreathed over the box-tops, shows that women are inside. But the Diving. No such Diving's to be had anywhere; not in Cornwall, not from the Kyles of Bute; not in the Fortyfoot Hole of Sandycove near Dublin, or any other place on rocky coasts where you leap straight from basalt into translucent waves.

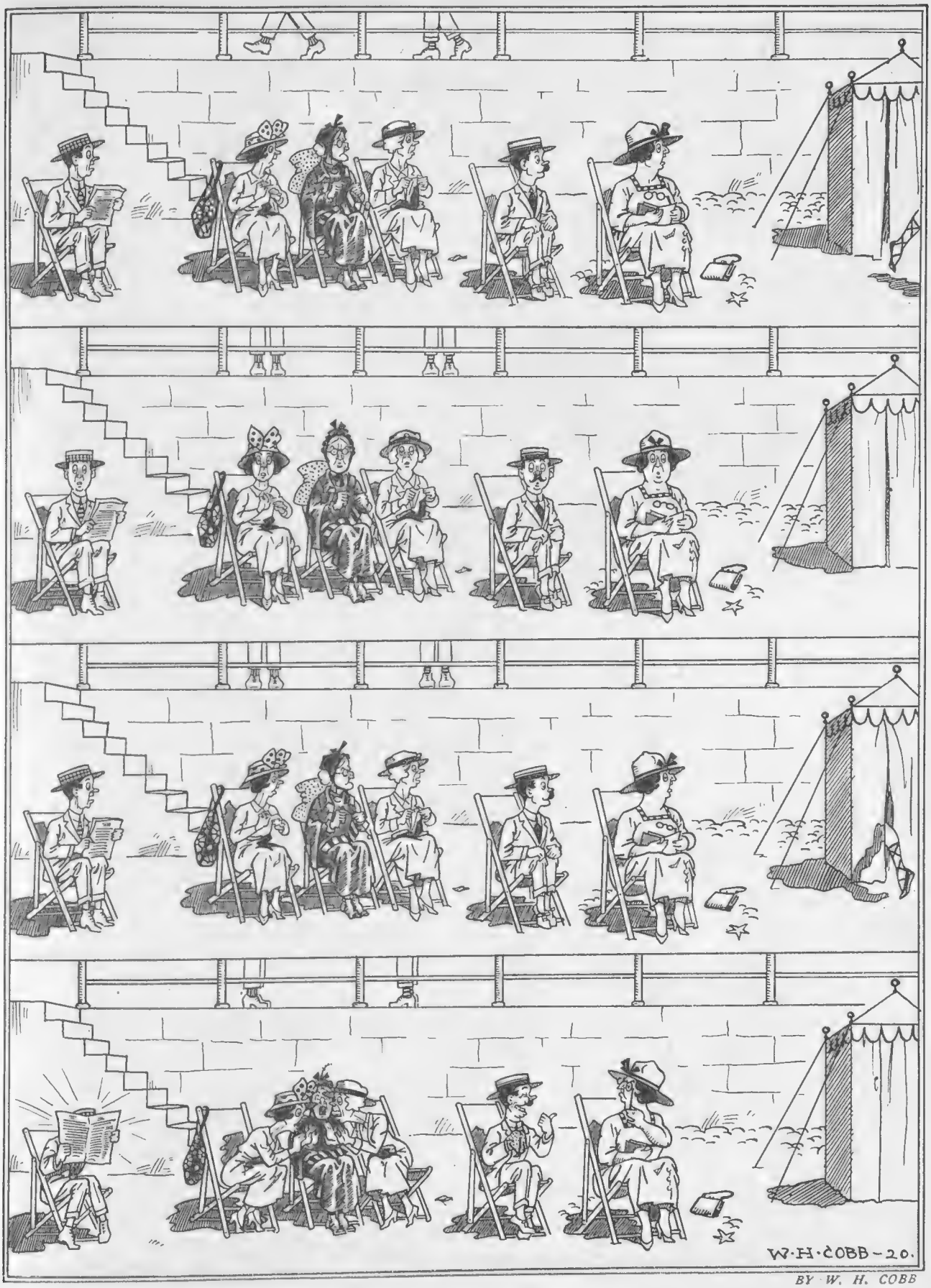
YOU Dive *in* a garden. Every Danish *Lejlighed* boasts a spacious garden, with twenty taut ropes stretched across and there, billowing in the Baltic breezes, hang from Monday to Saturday all the *Lejlighed's* wet sheets, pillow-slips, table-cloths, table-napkins, and petticoats. Now every *Lejlighed*—landlady insists that you sleep in one of her houses and come for your meals in another; and you are always severed from the meal-house by twenty rows of sheets, pillow-slips and table-cloths—a seemingly impregnable complex of impassable Hindenburg (Clothes) Lines. You pray for a tank. As there's none about, you shut your eyes, stretch your arms in skilfullest Diving attitude, and rush. You reach the dinner-table just as wet as if you'd plunged in the cerulean Sound.

NORTH of the Sound—in the real Cattegat—the Bystander from Copenhagen found different scenes. The sea's salt; there's a real, real beach, and there are no unisexual Pens on Piles. There's mixed bathing. Neatest of places visited is Gilleleje (which means Wilhelm's *Lejlighed*) at the northernmost peak of Zealand, and the Bystander from Copenhagen also likes Liseleje (which means Liza's *Lejlighed*) some miles west. It's a pyjama Paradise. All women wear pyjamas, by day and (presumably) by night.

THE pyjama is the Liseleje lady's bathing-dress. It's also her morning-dress. Some pleasant maids don their pyjamas first before tripping into the water; and as the pyjamas are white, tenuous and clammy—well, have you heard why Napoleon's Empire ladies wore their ball-gowns wet? Luckily, the bright maids' cigars divert your attention. The more shrinking come to the beech in pyjamas, but bathe in the, in comparison, discreet, and even monastic, *maillot*. They swim well. But the chief sport comes when they return to their *Lejlighed*, and, themselves pyjamaed, dive through pyjamas, sheets, pillow-slips, and petticoats.

THERE are storms on the halcyon sound. At Klampenborg. Klampenborg is Copenhagen's nearest Brighton, where the war-profiteers (Goulasch-Barons, we call them) have fifteen-room *Lejligheds*, with big gardens, and always rose-embushed summer-houses therein. From Klampenborg westwards stretches the umbrageous Deer-park, with a tiny Earls-Court-Coney-Islandish place whither Copenhagen lovers on bicycles repair. It's idyllic. But the owners of the fifteen-room *Lejligheds* think otherwise. For, alas, the bad, sad lovers hardly ever return to Copenhagen at night. And the curmudgeonly, profiteering *Lejlighed*-owners object, and wrathful letters, invoking the Police, the Army, the Fleet, the Society for the Protection of Public Morals, fly to the decent *Politiken*. As for the Housing Question, in Copenhagen city the meanest furnished flatlet costs £800 a year—the curmudgeons might show less curmudgeonliness. So the lovers of Copenhagen have sharp things to say about the Goulasch-Barons, and the demoralising enrichment of War.

That Parisian—



BY W. H. COBB

—Bathing Costume

Very Deep Ones

BY NORMAN KEENE

"Boo-hoo! Mother told me to keep my eye on sister and Captain Hangar and now they've gone out of my depth"

DRESSING ROOM DIALOGUES..

BY A.E. JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED by HIGGINS

No. I.—MISS PHYLLIS BEDELLS

"AND what do you want me to talk about?"

"Anything you like, Miss Bedells. Suppose we discuss the fate of the Empire."

"What, politics?"

"Heaven forbid! I don't mean *that* Empire,—it's the other and more important one I was thinking of. Aren't you sorry to see it go?"

"Indeed I am. The Empire was my home for nine years, and most of what I know about dancing I learned there—at all events, I got all my grounding in stage experience on its dear old boards. My first Empire ballet was *The Débutante*. Probably you don't remember——"

"Not remember! Of course I do. I could string off all the rôles I've seen you dance, and I don't believe you'd find many of the old Empire ballets missing from the list. What *has* baffled me is to recall where, if ever, I once saw you as an oyster—not *looking* the part in the least, by the way, but delightfully oystery all the same. *Were* you ever an oyster?"

"Yes, I was. It was the first part I ever had, as a wee kiddie, in *Alice in Wonderland* at the Prince of Wales'. That was in nineteen hundred and——"

"Hush, *please*. Let's call it nineteen-hundred-and-hush. I know *you* don't mind—you can afford not to—but have pity on incipient middle age! To me it seems only yesterday, and your dates frighten me."

"Well, anyway, you deserve great credit for your memory."

"Were you ever an oyster?"

"I hardly think so. The occasion was unforgettable. . . . But about the Empire. It must be rather a blow to you to see the old place disappear."

"Really and truly, it's like seeing the home of one's childhood sold up. I spent some of the happiest years of my life there, and when I went across the other day and found a door-keeper who didn't know me, and asked brusquely what I wanted, I very nearly burst out crying. I made what I suppose will be my last appearance there a few weeks ago at a charity matinée, and for association's sake I did my old skipping-rope dance. Do you remember?"

"Rather—from *A Day in Paris*. Did you wear the same funny little frock?"

"Well, not quite that. You're forgetting that *A Day in Paris* was produced in—when shall we say?—in nineteen-hush-hush, and I've grown a *little* bit since then!"

"I suppose you have: taller, of course,—one can't help it. But you'll never make me believe you've grown *up*. Only solemn

people with flat feet do that. . . . And now I wonder if you'll help that marvellous memory of mine over something that has been eluding me ever since I saw you in *Johnny Jones*. That dress you wear in the Versailles scene,—wasn't there a ballet at the old Empire in which Genée used to wear one very similar?"

"*Sir Roger de Coverley*, perhaps: but more probably you are thinking of *Camargo*, which she did at the Coliseum. It is curious you should ask that question, because only a few nights ago, in the middle of my Versailles dance, I caught myself impersonating Genée, so to speak. It was quite unconscious,—the result of an association of ideas, I suppose—but I suddenly realised I was reproducing not only her steps but her very mannerisms and gestures."

"I don't suppose you'll believe me, but you've anticipated what I was going to say—in fact, taken almost the very words out of my mouth. I was in the front of the house last week, and when you made your entry in the Versailles gardens I rubbed my eyes and very nearly gasped. As you tiptoed down the stone staircase I could have sworn Genée had come back again . . I hope you take that as a compliment?"

"Of course, I do; what dancer would not? Think what it meant in my earliest years at the Empire to have Genée's flawless technique, which nothing on earth could have induced her to sacrifice in the smallest detail, as a standard to strive after."

"And when are we going to see you in some of her roles? *Coppélia*, for example: I am sure you would enjoy yourself in that."

"Ah, *Coppélia!* It was the first ballet I ever saw, and it was like a magical enchantment. I was passing through London as a kiddie, and Mother took me to see it. Genée was dancing, and I felt I would give anything or do anything if I could only go on the stage, just to be near her. . . . And in a few years' time there I was! What wonderful days those were!"

"But surely all days are wonderful to *you?*"

"Well, I believe you are right. I expect ten years hence I shall be recalling how wonderful *these* are. The first night of *Johnny Jones* certainly was. For some reason or other I was horribly nervous, even more so than usual; I felt as though something would go wrong, and Mother was walking about from room to room wringing her hands in agony—not that that meant anything, because she always does! But at the end I had to take I don't know how many calls, and I believe I am supposed to have made a speech. I don't know what I said, but I felt as though I loved everybody."

"I haven't the least doubt the sentiment was universally reciprocated. . . . And I suppose I may say you love your work and mean to go on dancing?"

'Certainly you may. Dancing means everything to me, and I don't care how much hard work I have to put in—I enjoy every minute."

"That's easy to see, and I can imagine you've always felt like that. . . . Would it be impertinent to suggest, indeed, that your parents made one great mistake when you were born? They should have remembered their Shakespeare and named you Beatrice."

"Why Beatrice?"

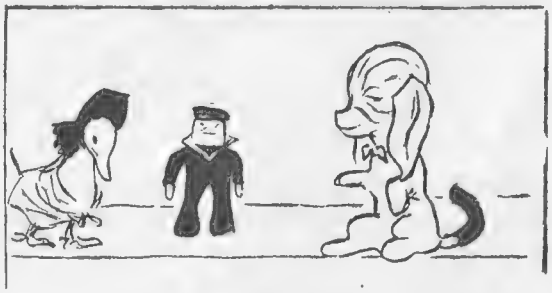
"Because her birth and yours were both attended by the same portent."

"What was that?"

"Surely you remember—'A star danced'!"

"Well, that's very ingenious of you, and perhaps rather nice. Good-bye!"

"Found a doorkeeper who didn't know me"



Her Mascots

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SPORTS & PASTIMES

Photograph J. BERESFORD, JUNIOR [*Photo Press*

Winner of the race for the Wingfield Sculls, which was revived over the Putney-Mortlake course last week. He also won the Diamond Sculls at Henley

ROWING

The Wingfields Winner

By supplementing his win in the Diamond Sculls at Henley by a convincing victory in the Wingfields last week, J. Beresford, Jun., has proved himself to be the best amateur sculler of the year. His father is the well-known veteran of the Thames Rowing Club who, although in his fifty-third year, stroked the Thames Grand eight at Henley this month. The son has, of course, followed in his father's footsteps as an oarsman, but it only occurred to him to try his hand at sculling last year. It was a lucky inspiration, for most scullers are born not made, and Beresford certainly is a born sculler; he has a nice easy action, plenty of pace, and is a finished waterman.

Rapid Development

Few men have come right to the front as quickly as he has done, and we have probably yet to learn how good he is, for his nearest rival, D. H. L. Gollan (another son of a father distinguished in rowing, Spencer Gollan) has not been able to extend him to the full. But the time for the race was a very good one seeing that a strong head wind and rough water were encountered at Chiswick; it was 23 min. 14 sec., as compared with the record of 22 min. 54 sec. set up by C. V. Fox in 1900, so that we may be certain that the revival of Henley, and of the race for the Wingfield Sculls has served to bring to light in Beresford a sculler of more than average ability. And since he has only been at it a year we may expect great things of him in the future.

YACHTING

America Cup Fairy Tales

The contest for the America Cup has produced an even greater crop of fairy tales than any of its predecessors, and one cannot help regretting that the modicum of sport attaching to it has been almost lost sight of in the maze of irresponsible and ignorant comment—you cannot call it criticism—with which it has been obscured by the methods of the up-to-date American journalist. Particularly distasteful to those who understand anything about yachting was the absolutely groundless and uncalled-for accusation of bad helmsmanship made against Captain J. R. Burton just because under certain weather conditions *Resolute* happened to get the better of *Shamrock*.

Photograph *Central News*

COMMANDER C. B. FRY

Who "came back" auspiciously to first-class cricket last week and made a century in his first innings for Hampshire against Notts, who ultimately won the match

A Barren Honour

One can hardly wonder that in the circumstances Captain Burton offered to resign his post of helmsman on board of *Shamrock*. No one objects to fair and temperate criticism, but even the honour of sailing *Shamrock* is apt to pall if the man who sails her knows that he must either win or else be subjected to a torrent of vulgar abuse. As a matter of fact, it would appear that the two boats were just about equally well handled. It also looks very much as if *Shamrock* is the more difficult boat to handle of the two.

Excessive Optimism

Some weeks ago I ventured to suggest that Sir Thomas Lipton was a little ill-advised in announcing to the world at large so prematurely that he thought he had a good chance of "lifting" the Cup. As things have turned

(*Continued on page 260*)

From George the Third
To George the Fifth
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OR

INCENSE AND ASHES.

BY R. H. AND L. B.

A MEMBER OF A MOST EXCLUSIVE CLUB.

ONE OF THE FAIREST WOMEN IN LONDON.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SIR KENNETH SATINWOOD, *sportsman and millionaire, attending a performance at the Felicity Music Hall, is mysteriously spirited away from*

THE LADY SYRINGA SATINWOOD, *his bride of a week. Cast upon the world, she endeavours to earn a livelihood by selling bootlaces. At her last gasp, she is greeted by*

THE MAN WITH THE TWISTED NOSE, *a sinister figure who promises to reveal to Syringa her husband's whereabouts.*

ZARA, THE ORIENTAL SNAKE CHARMER, *and her colleague*

BONGO, THE BOA-CONSTRICTOR, *twin stars at the Felicity Music Hall are supping with Sir Kenneth at the Blitz Hotel. At the moment when Zara hails Sir Kenneth as her long lost husband, Syringa and the Man with the Twisted Nose enter the apartment, and Syringa in dismay faints backwards into the lift, while her companion is recognised by Zara as Andreas Zogolibowskivitch. Syringa disguises herself as a chambermaid and in that capacity overhears Andreas claiming Zara as his wife. Later the shrieks of Andreas being done to death cause her to faint. She recovers to find herself denounced by Zara as the murderess.*

CHAPTER V.

173, NEW BOND ST.

SIR KENNETH immaculate in morning coat and vest strolled westward steeped in profoundest gloom.

'Twas high noon in New Bond Street, and as he wended his way through the crowd outside No. 173, THE FASHIONABLE ESTABLISHMENT OF MESSRS. ABDULLA & CO. LTD., the fairest women in London, and the members of the most exclusive Clubs alike showered smiles and greetings upon him. But Sir Kenneth answered with neither word nor hat.

Hard and difficult it was for him to realise how this pleasant world was changed by the reappearance of a wife long deemed dead.

"Most upsetting," he inwardly murmured, and at that moment his attention was rivetted by the news-bill he was inadvertently walking over. What were the words that seared his brain?

"FOREIGNER CRUSHED TO DEATH BY CHAMBERMAID AT THE BLITZ HOTEL."

Scarce daring to hope that this was the solution of his life's imbroglio he dashed madly down Piccadilly towards the Blitz.

He dashed madly down Piccadilly.

CHAPTER VI.

DETECTIVE SHARK.

NOW, gentle reader, let us retrace our steps to the suite-de-luxe at the Blitz Hotel. The ornate drawing room was empty save for the inert mass once known as Andreas Zogolibowskivitch, and Detective Shark of the "Yard" who, having ordered the room to be cleared, was on hands and knees, busily engaged with a tape measure.

Whilst he was savouring THE FRAGRANCE OF A DELICIOUS ABDULLA CIGARETTE under the table he was measuring, his attention was attracted by a rustling sound proceeding from the chimney, and from his concealed position he observed the form of Bongo the Boa-constrictor coated in soot, undulating towards the corpse and swallowing it.

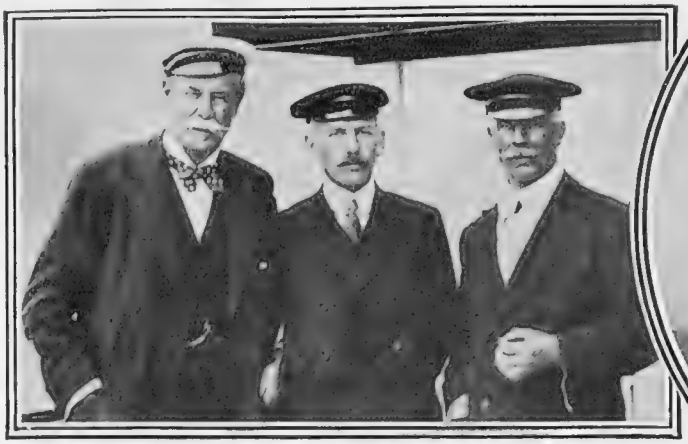
"This cuts deeper than I had anticipated," muttered the detective. "Doubtless the chambermaid's accomplice, removing all traces of her crime?" Ere the feet of Andreas disappeared from view, Shark flung open the door, and summoned as witnesses the constables who held Syringa handcuffed in their midst.

It was at this moment that Sir Kenneth, hatless and unkempt, from his wild rush down Piccadilly, dropped like a bolt from the blue into the group now watching the interment in respectful silence. For one moment his distraught glance flew round the apartment and then—"SYRINGA!" . . he cried in a voice never to be forgotten while life lasted, Joy, despair, amazement, annoyance, incredulity and tenderest love all had their part in that single word "Syringa." And then "My wife!" he murmured, and in a lower tone "My second wife."

Detective Shark gripped the whole situation as in a vice. "Wife *and* Murderess" he shouted in a voice that rang like a pistol-shot through the room. Sir Kenneth's iron jaw relaxed and he dropped like a stone where he stood.

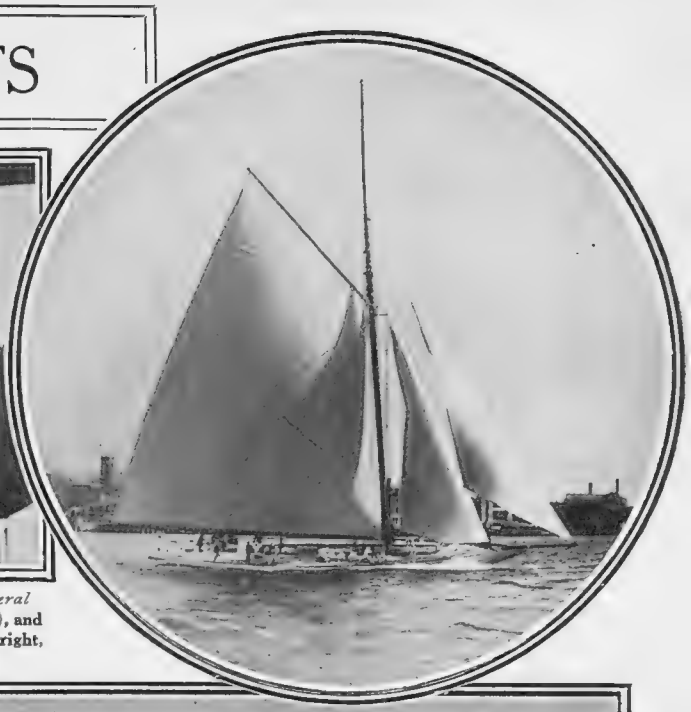
(Another absorbing instalment of this astounding story will appear on August 18th)

THE DUELLISTS



Photographs] SHAMROCK'S THREE *[Sport & General*

Left to right: Sir Thomas Lipton (owner), Mr. C. S. Nicholson (designer), and Captain J. R. Burton (steersman), of "Shamrock IV," and, on the right, Resolute, defender of the America Cup



Photograph] SHAMROCK IV—CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA CUP *[L.N.A.*

As is usual in races between boats which are about evenly matched, the element of luck has entered largely into the series of races for the America Cup, and the question which was actually the better boat and which was the better manned and handled has been a good deal obscured by the irresponsible and ignorant criticisms of some of the American papers.

out he had, but he could not possibly have known this then. Of course, it has always been his practice to sound the optimistic note, but experience should have taught him that this can be overdone, and that (as I pointed out in my previous article) this air of cocksuredness might ultimately prove embarrassing to those who were really responsible for the sailing of the boat, and who knew that there was nothing whatever to prove that they were on anything like a certainty.

—And What Came of It

SOMETHING of the kind appears to have actually happened, and when in certain conditions of weather the *Resolute* beat the *Shamrock*, the American journalists proceeded to get their own back by blackguarding *Shamrock's* skipper. What they said in effect was 'If *Shamrock* is such a flier as she has been made out to be she must have been badly handled.'' The fact that they had nothing on which to base this assertion did not, of course, trouble them in the least. However, let us be thankful that next week we shall be free to turn our attention from Sandy Hook and its base-ball match atmosphere to the purer and no less invigorating air of Cowes.

H. S. S.

Photograph *Central News*

JOE BECKETT (right) BEATS TOMMY BURNS

In the match between these two heavy-weight boxers, Burns, who has been out of the ring for some time, was beaten in the seventh round

A Book on Lawn Tennis

To the list of brave men (and women) who have essayed to help people to learn how to play lawn tennis by writing books on the subject, must be added Mr. F. R. Burrow, the well-known referee, who was once a player of no mean order. In *Lawn Tennis of To-day* (Pearsons, 1s. 6d.), Mr. Burrow has necessarily had to tell us things that his predecessors have already told us, but he has succeeded in telling them in a refreshingly straightforward and intelligible manner. There is also much that is new in the book, and it will be read with interest by players of all grades from novice up to veteran. The title, in fact, is no misnomer. We have here a thoroughly up-to-date treatise.

POPE & BRADLEY
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The Downfall

A LETTER TO A SNOB

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

(The outstanding menace to the prosperity of the future, is the power of the Snobureaucrat, that sinister product of war whose power and influence increase hourly, and at whose mercy lies the Trade of the country. Ignorant, Self-satisfied, saturated with class hatred, glorying in his contempt for the mere commercial, the Snobureaucrat, as his name implies, combines the harmless, if irritating vices of the Snob, with the active power of evil of the bureaucrat.—My apologies are due to the ghost of Thackeray).

SIR,—Fortune makes you a present of a comfortable salary and a position of power. The ineffable wisdom of our rulers has placed you as controller and legislator over me. This position our admirable rulers pronounce to be your due, without count of your dullness, your ignorance, your incapacity and folly. Dull as you may be no one will accuse you of such monstrous idiocy as to suppose that you are indifferent to the good luck you possess, or have any inclination to part with it.

You toil not, neither do you spin, but socially, you are "one of us," and, bred to regard trade as a necessary evil, you seek to diminish the evil as much as is within your power. And you are succeeding.

But the national mind is awakened to the subject of snobureaucrats.

A snobureaucratic caste is in process of formation,—the "Vulgar Producer," the "Coarse Commercial," is alive to the danger. He does not view without alarm the prospect of your eldest son, Fitz Heehaw, succeeding as of right to a place in your Bureau, or of your younger sons, the De Brays assuming the power to control the commerce of the country.

To you the "Vulgar Producer," the "Coarse Commercial,"—who, by the way furnishes that salary which at least you do not despise—says: "I can't help seeing Snobureaucrat, that I am as good as you. I can spell even better, I can think quite as rightly, my foresight and business instincts are infinitely better than yours and of far greater value to the country. I decline any longer to wait in your outward rooms, to be repulsed from your doors, to be patronised, despised, cold-shouldered and fleeced by a Non-Producer. Your social sycophants may do it, but you give them value, and they consider themselves paid.

I am sick of Snobureaucracy. I loathe your patronising interference. I despise your ill-concealed contempt, and such words as Bureau, Department, Control, ought to be banished from honest vocabularies. A system that sends men of business genius to the second table I hold to be a Snobureaucratic one. A caste that sets up to rule Business and secretly sneers at "Trade" I hold to be a Snobureaucratic caste.

To laugh at such as you is not enough. You must be exterminated, for you have power, and, therefore, you are a danger to the national welfare."

Your disobedient servant,

* * * * * * * * * *

Until we have exterminated the spendrift Bureaucracy it will be impossible to reduce the cost of necessities.

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100 ...	8/6	100 ...	11/6
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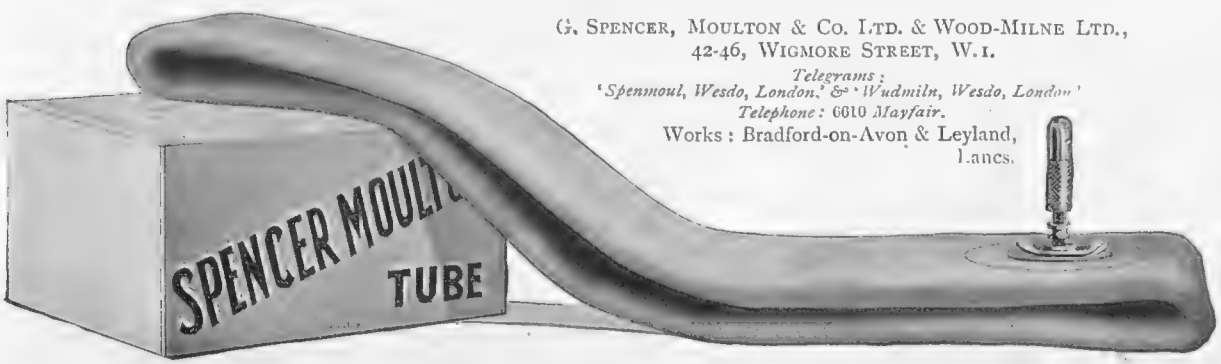


RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Goodwood's Duke

A good many years have elapsed since I formed one of the party which went down to Goodwood to inspect the new stands and other improvements which the Duke of Richmond made soon after he came into the title. He lost no time in bringing this delightful meeting up-to-date in its appointments. We were all agreed that the changes he effected were admirable, and although it meant a vast outlay for him, I have no doubt that the investment proved a profitable one. Of course, Goodwood was badly hit by the inevitable suspension during the War, but a few more meetings such as that of last year will soon put matters on the right side again. The Duke is a practical sportsman who at one time took a much more prominent part in racing affairs than he does at the present time.

The Goodwood Plate

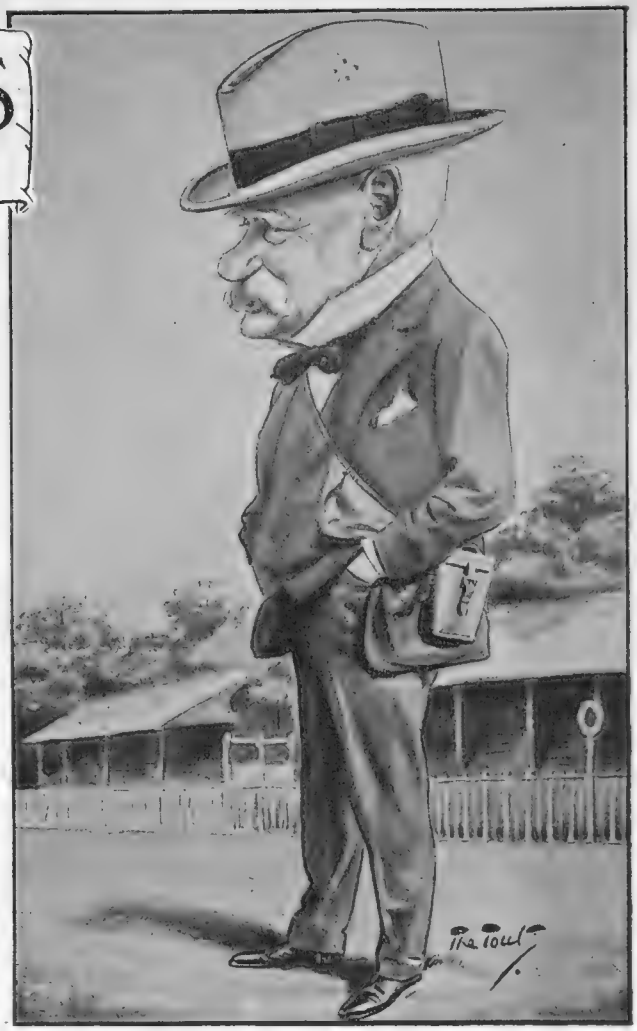
On Wednesday there is every prospect of a fine race for the Goodwood Plate. Last year we had a rousing finish between Haki and Golden Melody. Both are likely runners this week, and though Golden Melody's weight has gone up considerably he has unquestionably made much improvement. There is nothing to choose between him and Irish Lake on their recent Newmarket running, but I fancy the extra distance will be in Golden Melody's favour. It is a rather difficult race to deal with in that several stables are doubly represented in the entry. Alec Taylor, for example, has Elsinore as well as Haki. Gore can run both Manrico and Golden Melody, while Mr. George Lambton has Keysoe and Rowland.

Will Keysoe Return to Form?

I am wondering whether we are going to see Keysoe in winning vein again. Her form this season has frankly been disappointing. She has never reproduced that remarkable combination of dash and stamina which enabled her to sail away with the St. Leger. You will remember, however, that Keysoe's form was equally disappointing in the first half of last season, and it was not until Goodwood that she really proved herself a high-class filly. Will history now repeat itself? Her stable companion Rowland is nicely handicapped on his best form. I shall divide my vote between **Keysoe** and **Rowland.**

Cup Prospects

Many notable races for the Goodwood Cup will be recalled. Who has forgotten the excitement which was caused when Magic upset the tremendous odds laid on Bayardo. The downfall of Prince Palatine was another staggerer. Buchan having been withdrawn, no really great cracks are likely to be seen in this historic race on Thursday. The Manton stable is sure to put a strong candidate in the field, and will probably have the winner—possibly in **Kentish Cob.**



By "The Tout"

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON

All roads lead to Goodwood this week, and the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, in whose famous park the stage is now set, is the central figure at the meeting. His Grace is, as usual, entertaining a distinguished house-party at his residence adjoining the course

Other Attractions

Sarchedon must have gone completely to the bad if he cannot win the Sussex Stakes on Wednesday, and Sir James Buchanan has a good chance of bringing off a double at the meeting with him and **Alan Breck.** I suppose **Tetratema** will win the King George Stakes, for six furlongs is just his course. What a treat it will be if Diadem turns out against the flying grey. I hope to see **Viceroy** carry the King's colours prominently in the Drayton Handicap. For the Chesterfield Cup on the concluding day **Prince Herod** may be worth following, while **Golden Guinea** should win the Gordon Stakes.

Railway Facilities

Goodwood is one of the least accessible of race-courses, but the motor-car has alleviated much of the discomfort which visitors used to experience. The London and Brighton Railway have prepared splendid facilities for the meeting, and the ubiquitous char-a-banc will help to deal adequately with transport from station to course.

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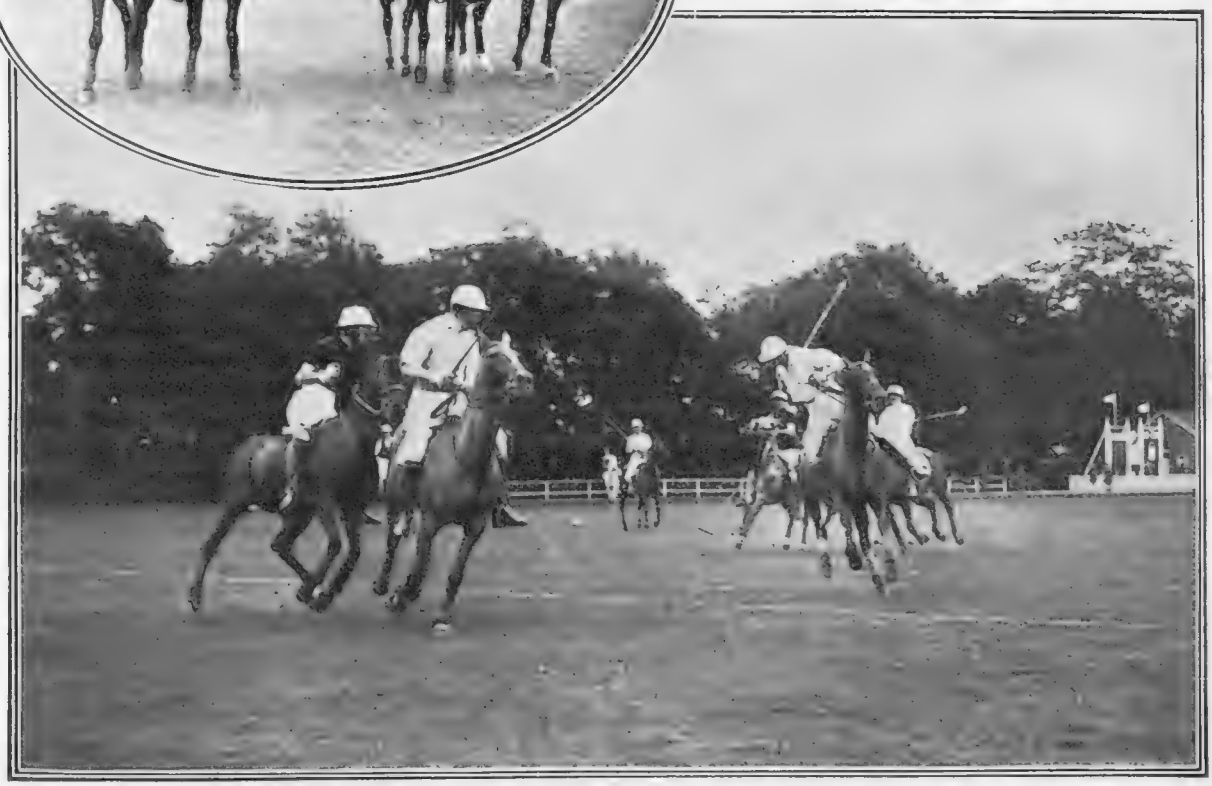
THE RECENT INTERNATIONAL TRIAL MATCH AT HURLINGHAM

A FIGHT FOR POSSESSION

Major Hurndall and Colonel Tomkinson are the chief combatants, and the players immediately behind them, from left to right, are Major Barrett, Lord Rocksavage and Major Lockett



Photographs] MAJOR W. S. BUCKMASTER TAKES A BACKHANDER *[W. A. Rouch*

Inset is a group of players (from left to right): Major F. B. Hurndall, Major V. N. Lockett, Lord Rocksavage, and Lord Wodehouse. Some very interesting matches are taking place just now at Hurlingham, of which that shown above is one. From the players taking part will be chosen the British four to play America in 1921

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

MR. ST. JOHN ERVINE celebrates his return from a successful American tour by publishing a novel called *The Foolish Lovers* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). As its dedication informs us, this book has no "bad words" in it and no "sex"—"sex" within the inverted commas signifying, of course, the presence of those tiresome problems of which the circulating libraries take such particular and Pecksniffian note. Without the inverted commas, however, sex can be as jollily innocent as you please, and in this story of an obstinate and rather novel sort of young man from Ulster, you have a courting which makes very good reading, although I implore young men never to follow John Macdermott's methods with Eleanor Moore. (I feel sure they would lead to trouble.)

❀ ❀

MR. ERVINE'S book is a leisurely performance packed with good things, not nearly so "dramatic" as some people who know his name in connection with the theatre might expect, but well conceived and set out. The story is quite simple. John could have stayed on in Ulster and run his uncle William's grocery shop. Instead he wanted adventure (like his uncle Matthew), and decided to write novels and plays—anyone can, you know—and went to London and tried his luck. But luck, it seems, is not always with Ulster. John, it is true, has a play performed, and sees two of his novels brought out by a rascally publisher, but success is not his. And it will so definitely never be his that you applaud his decision to turn grocer at home. (Would that certain other novelists I might mention could be persuaded to follow John's excellent example. . . . !) Eleanor, however, is with him, and Eleanor will enable her husband to live happily ever afterwards (or perhaps not quite so long).

❀ ❀

The Foolish Lovers is a likeable book, very likeable indeed. The people with whom John comes into contact are more than usually entertaining, and Uncle Matthew, who dies far too early, is quite splendid. John's mother, too, is excellently well done. And John himself, in spite of his volcanic methods and his other little peculiarities that might so easily become priggisms, is a young man of whom it is good to read.

❀ ❀

MOST people enjoy a real good gamble once or twice in their lives—even the staidest and "nicest" and most correct people. The gamble, you see, might so easily come off. Mr. Grant Richards—the novelist, I mean, not the publisher—seems to have recognised this fact, and written a rattling good story about it. *Double Life* (Grant Richards, oddly enough: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is bang up-to-date, with the names of real horses, and no silly melodrama of the Adelphi type to spoil the excitement. It is just good, honest gambling on the part of a blameless lady whose husband, a novelist about to write a racing novel, has taken her to see a trial at Newmarket.

❀ ❀

MR. PEMBERTON is not a gambler himself, though he does lose an occasional fiver on a horse or a spin of the little ball on the Riviera. But then he has work to do. His wife, however, has a dull enough time, and she takes to betting as a duck—so I'm told—takes to water. Unknown to her husband Mrs. Pemberton has little bets. Then she has bigger bets. Then she has very big bets indeed. Finally, she races a colt under an assumed name. And she wins—not always, of course, but in the end, and wins a lot of money.

❀ ❀

MR. RICHARDS makes everything so real that you follow Mrs. Pemberton's banking account with an almost personal interest. *Double Life* is interesting because it is so unlike any other racing story. For a racing story, indeed, it is singularly quiet, and yet you share Mrs. Pemberton's own excitement quite naturally, and heave a sigh of relief when the book closes with the lady in a most satisfactory financial position. (Would that all novelists could marry so successful a woman!)

❀ ❀

I AM afraid that Ellen M. Fowkes's first novel, *Second Love* (Fisher Unwin: 7*s.* net) is not a very distinctive piece of work. The real, gloomy woman-hater seems popular with women writers (probably because he always mends his ways in the end), and Kelvin, the Commissioner at Mohut, is true to type. The title gives things away rather too baldly, and the thing has been done so often before.

Photograph *Speaight*

SIR HARRY BRITTAIN, K.B.E., M.P.

Who has just sailed for Canada for the Second Imperial Press Conference. A hundred editors from Great Britain and many parts of the Empire also sailed last week on the "Victorian" as the guests of the Canadian Government and Press, who, in addition to attending the Conference at Ottawa, will have the opportunity of visiting every part of the Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Pacific

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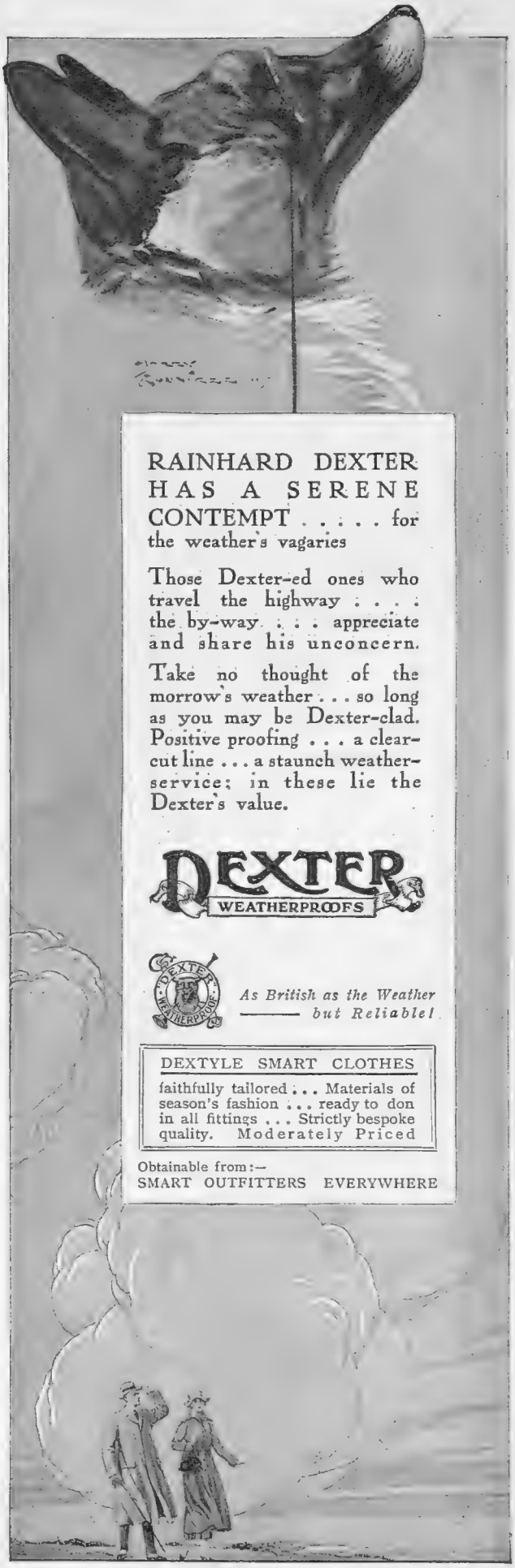

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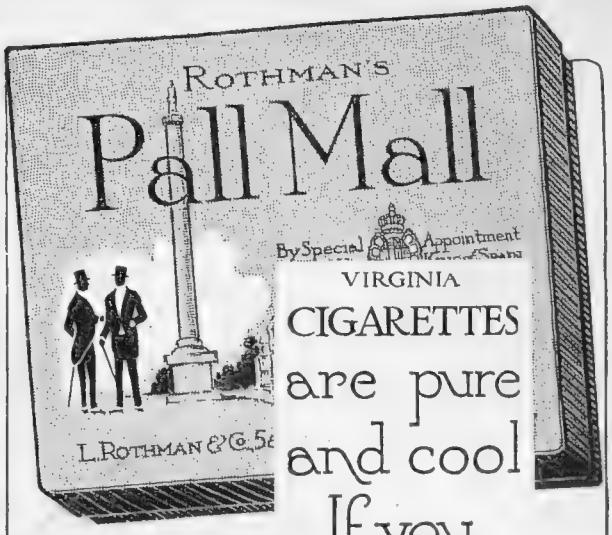

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NEW NONSENSE NOVELS
BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

NOVEL NUMBER TWO

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK R. GREY

II.

About this time another difficulty began to come into my married life, which I suppose I ought to have foreseen. I mean the attentions of other gentlemen. I have always called forth a great deal of admiration in gentlemen, but I have always done my best to act like a lady and to discourage it in every possible way. I had been innocent enough to suppose that this would end with married life, and it gave me a dreadful shock to realise that such was not the case. The first one I noticed was a young man who came to the house, at an hour when John was out, for the purpose, so he said, at least, of reading the gas meter. He looked at me in just the boldest way and asked me to show him the way to the cellar. I don't know whether it was a pretext or not, but I just summoned all the courage I had and showed him to the head of the cellar stairs. I had determined that if he tried to carry me down with him I would scream for the servants, but I suppose something in my manner made him desist and he went alone. When he came up he professed to have read the meter and he left the house quite quietly. But I thought it wiser to say nothing to John of what had happened.

There were others too. There was a young man with large brown eyes who came and said he had been sent to tune the piano. He came on three separate days and he bent his ear over the keys in such a mournful way that I knew he must have fallen in love with me. On the last day he offered to tune my harp for a dollar extra, but I refused and when I asked him instead to tune mother's mandolin, he said he didn't know how. Of course, I told John nothing of all this.

Then there was Mr. McQueen, who came to the house several times to play cribbage with John. He had been desperately in love with me years before, at least, I remember his taking me home from a hockey match once, and what a struggle it was for him not to come into the parlour and see mother for a few minutes when I asked him; and though he was married now and with three children, I felt sure when he came to play cribbage with John that it *meant* something. He was very discreet and honourable, and never betrayed himself for a moment, and I acted my part as if there was nothing at all behind it. But one night when he came over to play and John had had to go out, he refused to stay even for an instant. He had got his overshoes off before I told him that John was out, and asked him if he wouldn't come into the parlour and hear mother play the mandolin, but he just made one dive for his overshoes and was gone. I knew that he didn't dare to trust himself.

Then presently a new trouble came. I began to suspect that John was drinking. I don't mean for a moment that he was drunk, or that he was openly cruel to me. But at times he seemed to act so queerly and I noticed that one night when, by accident, I left a bottle of raspberry vinegar on the sideboard over night, it was all gone in the morning. Two or three times when McQueen and John were to play cribbage, John would fetch home two or three bottles of bevo with him and they would sit sipping all evening.

I think he was drinking bevo by himself, too, though I never could be sure of it. At any rate, he often seemed queer and restless in the evenings, and, instead of

NEW NONSENSE NOVELS (continued)

staying in his den, he would wander all over the house. Once we heard him—I mean mother and I and two lady friends who were with us that evening—quite late (after ten o'clock) apparently moving about in the pantry. "John," I called, "is that you?" "Yes, Minn," he answered, quietly enough I admit. "What are you doing there?" I asked. "Looking for something to eat," he said. "John" I said, "you are forgetting what is due to me as your wife. You were fed at six. Go back."

He went. But yet I felt more and more that his love must be dwindling to make him act as he did. I thought it all over wearily enough, and asked myself whether I had done everything I should to hold my husband's love. I had kept him in at nights. I had cut down his smoking. I had stopped his playing cards. What more was there that I could do?

. . . .

So at last the conviction came to me that I must go away. I felt that I must get away somewhere and think things out. At first I thought of Palm Beach, but the season had not opened, and I felt somehow that I couldn't wait. I wanted to get away somewhere by myself and just face things as they were. So one morning I said to John, "John, I think I'd like to go off somewhere for a little time, just to be by myself, dear, and I don't want you to ask to come with me or to follow me, but just let me go." John said, "All right, Minn. When are you going to start?" The cold brutality of it cut me to the heart, and I went upstairs and had a good cry and looked over steamship and railroad folders. I thought of Havana for a while, because the pictures of the harbour and the castle and the queer Spanish streets looked so attractive, but then I was afraid that at Havana a woman alone by herself might be simply persecuted by attentions from gentlemen. They say the Spanish temperament is something fearful. So I decided on Bermuda instead. I felt that in a beautiful quiet place like Bermuda I could think everything all over and face things, and it said on the folder that there were always at least two English regiments in garrison there, and the English officers, whatever their faults, always treat a woman with the deepest respect.

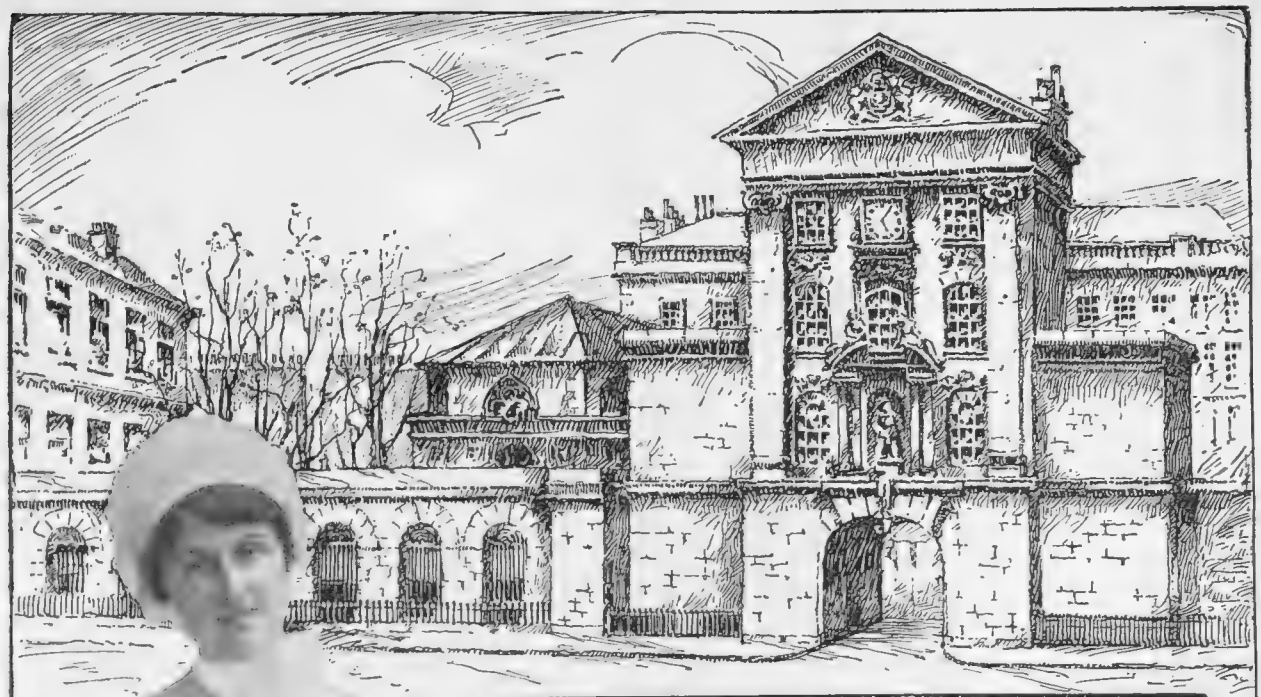
So I said nothing more to John, but in the next few days I got all my arrangements made and my things packed. And when the last afternoon came I sat down and wrote John a long letter, to leave on my boudoir table, telling him that I had gone to Bermuda. I told him that I wanted to be alone; I said that I couldn't tell when I would be back—that it might be months, or it might be years, and I hoped that he would try to be as happy as he could and forget me entirely, and to send me money on the first of every month.

. . . .

Well, it was just at that moment that one of those strange coincidences happen, little things in themselves, but which seem to alter the whole course of a person's life. I had nearly finished the letter to John that I was to leave on the writing-desk, when just then the maid came up to my room with a telegram. It was for John, but I thought it my duty to open it and read it for him before I left. And I nearly fainted when I saw that it was from a lawyer in Bermuda—of all places—and it said that a legacy of two hundred thousand dollars had been left to John by an uncle of his who had died there, and

(*Continued on page 270*)

"There was a young man, with large brown eyes, who came"



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NEW NONSENSE NOVELS (continued)

asking for instructions about the disposition of it.

A great wave seemed to sweep over me, and all the wicked thoughts that had been in my mind—for I saw now that they *were* wicked—were driven clean away. I thought how completely lost poor old John would feel if all this money came to him and he didn't have to work any more and had no one at his side to help and guide him in using it.

I tore up the wicked letter I had written, and I hurried as fast as I could to pack up a valise with John's things (my own were packed already, as I said). Then presently John came in and I broke the news to him as gently and as tenderly as I could about his uncle having left him the money and having died. I told him that I had found out all about the trains and the Bermuda steamer, and had everything all packed and ready for us to leave at once. John seemed a little dazed about it all, and kept saying that his uncle had taught him to play tennis when he was a little boy, and he was very grateful and thankful to me for having everything arranged and thought it wonderful.

"He just made one dive for his overshoes and was gone"

I had time to telephone to a few of my women friends, and they just managed to rush round for a few minutes to say good-bye. I couldn't help crying a little when I told them about John's uncle dying so far away with none of us near him, and I told them about the legacy, and they cried a little to hear of it all; and when I told them that John and I ~~might~~ not come back direct from Bermuda, but might take a run over to Europe first, they all cried some more.

We left for New York that evening, and after we had been to Bermuda and arranged about a suitable monument for John's uncle and collected the money, we sailed for Europe. All through the happy time that has followed I like to think that through all our trials and difficulties affliction brought us safely together at last.

END OF NOVEL No. 2.

In the third novel of this series Mr. Leacock has, indeed, excelled himself. It will be completed in two issues of "The Bystander"

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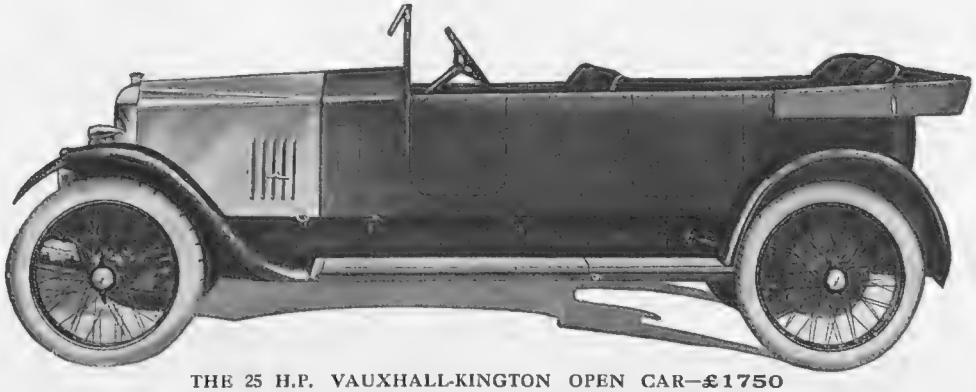

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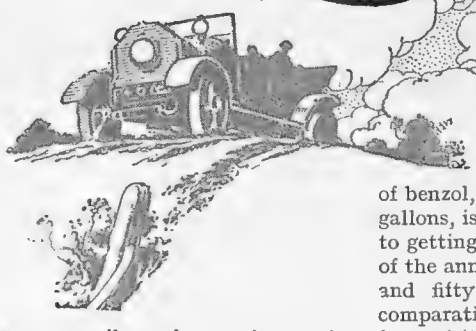
Motoring & Aviation



WITH railway fares going up it strikes me that there will be another boom in motor-cars in the autumn, if not before, as even at the present price one has to pay for fuel it costs less to travel, say, from London to Scarborough by road in a car seating two or four people than it does by rail. Many of the folk who live in the environs of the Metropolis are seriously considering the question of not renewing their season tickets when they expire but will use their cars to come up to town, and take them home again. Therefore a word to the wise, if you people really want to have a motor carriage big or little take my advice and buy it now as I am sure makers' prices will not go down. In fact there seems every likelihood for prices to go up. All this talk by a lot of irresponsible people that there is going to be a slump is all 'tommy rot.' The premium snatcher is being put out of business, which is a good thing, and so the public will only have to pay the prices fixed by the makers and not those inflated by premium on top of premium, according to how many hands a new car goes through from the maker to the ultimate user. There is going to be a slump in robbers of that description, but you can believe me that with railway rates up, coal up, labour scales ascending daily by increased wages' awards, motor cars cannot come down in price for some time to come. At the same time I do hope that motorists will buy British cars and support their own home industries, as with the markets of France, Italy and America practically closed against us by either total prohibition of motor imports or a high tariff against us, our own folk must be supported against undue competition if we want to keep prices within reasonable limits for both cars and spare parts in the future.

* * *

GOOD-BYE to home-produced fuel unless we are prepared to use coal-gas as the food for our cars, as the report issued recently by the Fuel Research Board is the death-knell of our hopes in that direction. Twenty million gallons of benzol, perhaps even thirty million gallons, is the most we can look forward to getting produced in this country out of the annual demand for two hundred and fifty million gallons. A drop comparatively in this ocean of desire for spirit fuel, while power-alcohol is purely a myth we have indulged ourselves in as a possible home-product for motoring. "'Cause why," I can fancy people saying to themselves, after all the talk of power-alcohol being the future saviour if we're up against it. Well, no one regrets the position more than yours truly, but facts are—well, really facts this time. The trouble is we have no spare wood to make wood-spirit in Great Britain, neither do we grow enough barley, potatoes or mangolds, which are the three vegetable spirit producers, because there is not the acreage available if we wanted to for one thing, and, at the present prices these food commodities fetch, the price of power-alcohol would be too high to compete with petrol for another. Potatoes at £8 10*s.* 6*d.* per ton make alcohol at 8*s.* 6*d.* per gallon, and what is more, while we only grow about six million tons per annum, we should want double that quantity for alcohol in sufficient quantities alone, besides that for table use. Mangolds is the cheapest proposition at thirty 'bob' per ton, giving alcohol at three shillings per gallon, but there, again, we only grow something under eight million tons yearly, and to give enough spirit we want twenty-five million tons for that purpose, while farmers say that it would not pay them, with the high cost of cultivation and harvesting, even if there was the land to grow it upon. So to be perfectly frank, motorists on land, sea or air will have to realise that the petrol proprietors have us all entirely at their mercy. Let's hope they will be kind to us. At any rate, my advice to the owners of the 750,000 motors vehicles in the United Kingdom is to become shareholders in the Royal Dutch groups to the biggest extent they can, and so reduce their petrol bill by sharing in the certain profits.

* * *

HOLIDAYS are now in full swing and already motoring folk are talking about 1921 cars. Time does fly nowadays and speeds up quicker than ever, and before we know where we are our "Show Numbers" will be on the book-stalls with full accounts of what is to be seen at the motor exhibitions at Olympia and the White City. What bustling days we do live in, but it will be nothing to the efforts of "the compleat motorist" who will be scampering for ten days without a moment's interval between Olympia and the White City during the first fortnight of November trying to discover which maker is giving the best value for cash to suit his car needs. One show at a time is a big enough job to tackle, but when it comes to two of them, each as big and important as the other, we shall all want to be like Boyle Roche's bird, in two places at once.

OLD HY.

Photograph] OFF ON HER TRIAL TRIP: THE R 80 LAUNCHED [*Topical*

The "last word" in airships was successfully launched recently at Barrow. One of the important characteristics of the R 80 is the perfectly streamlined body

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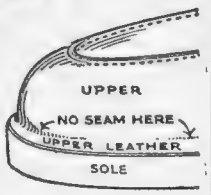

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Femina

LIGHTING AND LAMP-SHADES

BY MRS. M. VINCE

AFTER the roof and the drains, the thing in a house upon which, not merely one's comfort, but one's health chiefly depends, is the arrangement of the lighting. Consider the number of hours in a year during which one's eyes are doing concentrated work, reading, writing, or sewing by artificial light. Yet most people give a mere casual glance to the lighting in a room. They quite unreasonably assume that a previous tenant, or the builder, will have provided exactly the light that they themselves require, and will spend much more time on choosing ornamental fittings than on deciding it each room has for its purpose all the artificial light it needs, and that light in the right place.

THIS casualness is largely the result of the fashion, imposed on us by gaspipes, of having a central chandelier. But now, fortunately, the era of gas is at an end, and we can return again to right rules in artificial lighting. At night we cannot refill the whole room with daylight, or with anything like its equivalent. All that we can do is to see that at those parts of the room where the eyes are used, there is a sufficiently strong and concentrated light to take its place. The rest of the room does not matter. In order to do this one must have mobile lights, and this is one of the chief advantages of electricity. We can again take our lights about from one part of the room to another, as one could do with lamps, with candles, and, no doubt, in those still earlier times when the lighting of a room consisted of torches stuck in brackets on the walls.

CENTRAL lighting has by no means disappeared with the passing of gas, but though, of course, it is right in public rooms and in large reception rooms, it is a sound rule to avoid it altogether in sitting-rooms. Do not be led away to forget this by the cleverness of some of the new devices. The commonest of these is the device of indirect lighting which concentrates the light on the ceiling, and so lights the rest of the room chiefly by reflection. It may be ingenious, but it is both inartistic and wasteful. No one wants the ceiling brilliantly lighted. What one does want is to be able to concentrate the light where it can be used.

THE best way of lighting a sitting-room is by wall-brackets and movable lamps, so that it is possible to give the room just sufficient general light when this is required, and to be able to have a concentrated light wherever one may need it—on the table, on the writing-table, by the fireplace, or where it will show groups of furniture or pictures. The more the eyes rest from light

(*Continued on page 276*)

BY NORMAN KEENE

"The idea was admired as delightfully clever and original"

Le Dernier Cri de Paris

IN BLACK LACE AND TULLE

A charming summer hat, trimmed with a large tulle bow

Model, Marthe Yerlis
Photograph, Talma

A PALE PINK GEORGETTE GOWN

The skirt is trimmed with tucks and printed georgette of a deeper shade, worn with a black satin cloak

Model, Maryyon
Photograph, Henri Manuel

IN BEIGE TAFFETA

With a double brim of tulle, edged with brown taffeta, and trimmed with peonies

Model, Crouzeix
Photograph, Henri Manuel

Exclusive to The Bystander

FEMINA (concluded)

at night, unless they are actually at work, the better it is for them; and this method, which is the best for the eyes, is the most beautiful for the room. You have, in fact, another and a different room at night if you light it in this way.

ONLY less important than the position of lights is the choice of their shades. In nothing is utility so sacrificed to unnecessary ornament and even to ostentatious display. I have seen rooms in which one would have thought that the lamp-shades were the most important part of the decoration, and the chief object of the rooms was to show them off. I remember, in particular, one drawing room in which all the lamp-shades were in the shape and colours of different butterflies. They shaded the lamps very badly, but what did that matter? The idea was admired as delightfully clever and original by all the friends of the ingenious lady who had thought of it—until one day there arrived at the house a satirical friend. He passed a quiet and happy morning in that drawing-room, and the horrified lady came in after lunch to discover each lamp-shape with a large hat-pin stuck through it and a label tied to it with the name of the butterfly.

LAMP shades should not be brilliant in colour, and never fantastic in design. All soft tints of yellow and orange, yellow-green and blue-green are good, always, of course, provided that they harmonise with the colours of the room. China silk and taffeta are the best materials to use because they are light, and stretch well over the frame of the shade. The great mistake is to suppose that in order to concentrate the light it is necessary to have either a heavy material or dark colours. Two thicknesses of one of these thin materials, with a white lining, give a brilliant light under the lamp, and at the same time allow enough light to escape to show the rest of the room—and this is all that one needs. One wants to be able just to see all the room, but to have only that part of it brightly lighted, where one's eyes are at work.

M. V.

By MRS. JACK MAY

For the Mid-Months

THAT mystic stocktaking now occupying most establishments for the next week or two, is not going to interfere with the quiet progression of modistic events at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. The heads here do not propose even to shut out fresh and original summer seductions, and have in hand some of the sweetest little tennis frocks of striped *crêpe de Chine*, the season has yet seen. Of course, the success of the tennis frock in lieu of the old-time skirt and blouse is one of the sensations of the year. Therefore, this procedure at Harvey Nichols is scarcely so surprising as it appears at first sight. A further piece of foresight provides a range of small between-season chemise gowns, built in a new material known as silk cashmere. *Charmeuse* will need to look to its laurels, and its prohibitive price, since silk cashmere is similar in appearance and touch to its costly predecessor. While in addition it has greater body and resistance.

AN EVENING GOWN
In begonia pink and silver brocade and silvered lace
Sketched at Harvey Nichols, Ltd., Knightsbridge, by "Beta"

In the evening gown *salon* a surprise awaits in a selection of charming toilettes, no two of which are alike, and each one an exclusive model. For these there have been used dress lengths of costly metal brocades and broché satins, fabrics that must have cost in the first instance far more than the whole sum asked for the complete creation. So impressed were we by the value represented, Beta was requisitioned to picture an example, which is carried out in begonia pink and silver brocade and silvered lace, and costs only 12½ guineas.

An Interesting Departure in Furniture

WITH housing schemes a burning topic of the day, together with labour-saving contrivances and a generally increasing demand for artistic *lares et penates*, the opening of the Mansard Galleries by Heal & Son, Tottenham Court Road, marks the opening of an epoch that will have far-reaching influences. Briefly, the idea is to bring all furniture, from the most trifling detail to such important pieces as sideboards, beds, etc., more into line with the modern appreciation of what is beautiful and artistic in colour schemes.

Continued on page viii)

Gorringes

BECOMING HAT MODES

This dainty new model in Velour is typical of the many charming designs we are now showing.

The "BARMOUTH."—Becoming HAT of Velour, smartly turned up all round, with deep front effect, dome-shaped crown. Distinctively trimmed with flat bird ornament on brim in front. For smart tailor-made wear. In all art colourings. **£3 : 15 : 9**

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FOR EARLY AUTUMN WEAR

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Tailor Suit in good quality Corded Suiting, Coat cut on plain tailored lines with silk braid becomingly used, well cut skirt braided to match coat. In Navy, Black, and a few good colours.

PRICE

12½ Guineas

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

DAINTY TROUSSEAU SET

The new Lingerie models are particularly dainty and becoming, and the illustration, in good quality Georgette, entirely hand-made, is a typical example.

NIGHTDRESS finished at neck and sleeves with hand embroidery, and groups of tucks at waist threaded with satin ribbon. In pink, sky, mauve, ivory, and primrose.

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Chemise and Knickers to match 69/6 each.

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Nightdress .. .. .. 6½ gns.
Chemise 79/6
Knickers 79/6
Boudoir Cap of fine cream lace, with floral trimmings in front, 29/6

Furs at Summer Prices.
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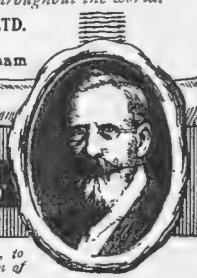

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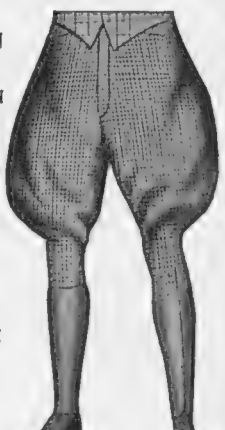

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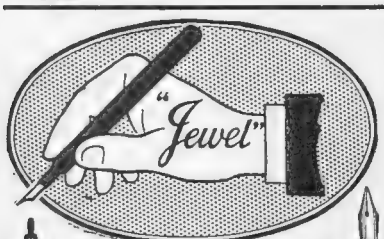

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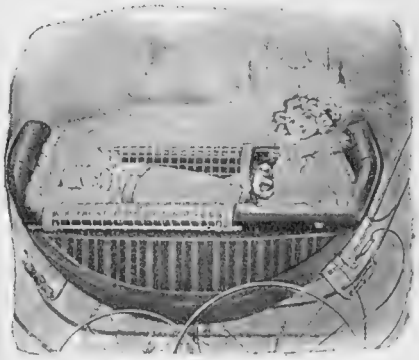

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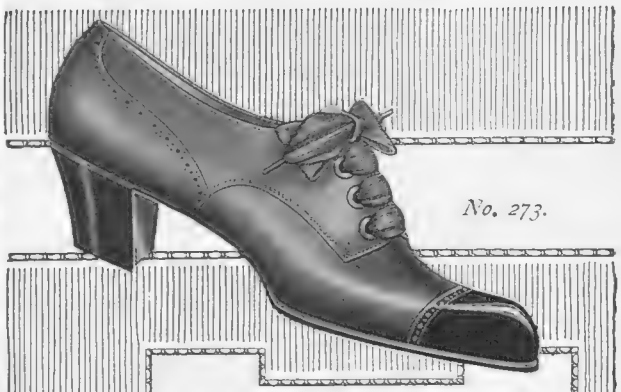

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FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

Harmony is the keynote, and with the present day taste for white and champagne walls, charming cretonnes and tissues and the like, the monochrome of dark furniture is essentially out of the picture.

The exhibition in question shows how interior decoration can be at once sane and yet of gay colouring by the introduction of painted furniture. After long and interesting experiment it has been found there is positively no limit to the range of good and artistic colours possible in painted furniture, nor in the use of what is known as the softer and less costly woods.

An example piece is a black side-board, with narrow mouldings of sapphire-blue, and another a music cabinet of delicate yellow, painted with a floral border and supplemented by high standard candle-sticks, suitable to fitting with electric light. It is wholly impossible, however, in the small space at command to do adequate justice to this fresh and original departure, which all should go and see for themselves, when the realisation will be quick and sure, how a rich vein has been struck of possibilities hitherto undreamed of, both from an artistic and practical standpoint.

A PAINTED SIDEBOARD

With coloured plaster decorations, in black, emerald-green, and silver, and a shaded lamp and chairs to match. These charming articles of furniture are to be seen at the Mansard Gallery, Messrs. Heal and Son, Tottenham Court Road, during their special exhibition of painted furniture

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It is not often that one finds a concrete case of service to the purchaser, after purchase. And when one does find such a case it is distinctly refreshing, and speaks volumes for the firm concerned. Here is such a case. The Saxone Shoe Company, manufacturers of the famous "Saxone" shoe, have made a standing invitation to all wearers of "Saxones" to come into their shops at any time and have their shoes polished, free of charge, of course. This in itself is a unique example of courtesy to customers. But it is more than that; it is a key to the character of the firm, and the business house that takes a genuine and conscientious pride in its products is the right kind of business house.

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I have just received a jolly little booklet entitled, "Cyder: the Drink of Yesterday and To-day." It is produced by Messrs. Whiteway's, the famous cyder firm of Whimple, Devon, and contains many amusing verses, "Cyder-Lights on History" with appropriately entertaining pictures. Write to Whiteway's for this amusing volume.

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THE MENU

THE COOKING OF MUSHROOMS

As mushrooms are so very plentiful just now, owing to the very wet weather we have experienced lately, the recipes given below may be found useful.

EGGS AND MUSHROOMS.
KIDNEYS AND MUSHROOMS.
MUSHROOMS AU GRATIN.
MACARONI AND MUSHROOMS.
MUSHROOMS AND TOMATOES (a savoury).

Eggs and Mushrooms

Peel and wash 1 lb. of mushrooms, put them into a stew-pan with a tablespoonful of margarine and cook gently, add a little salt and pepper and a few drops of lemon juice. Cook for ten minutes, than add a cupful of stock, or, failing that, a little meat essence dissolved in boiling water, thicken with flour or gravy thickening (the latter can be bought in twopenny packets) and let it come to the boil, pour into a hot dish immediately. Have six poached or fried eggs ready, and serve these on the top of the mushrooms. Pour the sauce round and serve.

Kidneys with Mushrooms

Skin and slice thinly four sheeps' kidneys, and season with salt and pepper. Melt ½ oz. of margarine or butter in a frying-pan, and fry in it a small finely minced onion, then put in the kidneys. Stir them quickly and sprinkle over a dessertspoonful of flour. When slightly browned, add about six small mushrooms and a little stock. Cook for another five minutes and serve with sippets of toast. This makes a nice *entrée*.

Mushrooms au Gratin

Skin, wash, drain, and wipe dry some fresh mushrooms. Cut the stems to within a quarter of an inch, and fill the cups with a forcemeat made of 1 oz. of very finely chopped bacon, a tiny piece of onion, a little chopped parsley, and thyme and salt and pepper to taste. Simmer this for five minutes in butter and add the yolk of an egg. Put this into the mushrooms, and place them in a baking-dish, with some margarine or butter on them, and some white breadcrumbs on the top of each. Bake in a moderate oven, and serve piled on a hot dish with some thick brown gravy round.

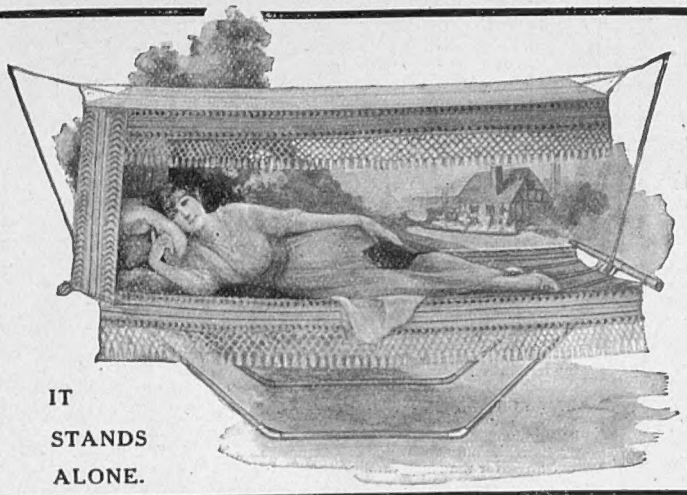
Macaroni and Mushrooms

Boil about ½ lb. of macaroni or spaghetti for twenty minutes and drain it off. Slice and cook some mushrooms and two tomatoes in butter, stir in a little flour, and add a large cupful of milk. When it is thick enough, put in a layer of the spaghetti in a fire-proof dish, with plenty of grated cheese, the mushrooms, tomatoes, and the sauce, more spaghetti and mushrooms till all is used. Sprinkle some breadcrumbs, grated cheese, and small pieces of butter on the top, and bake a golden brown.

Mushrooms and Tomatoes (a savoury)

Toast a slice of bread, butter it, and cut it into rounds two inches in diameter. Dip some tomatoes into hot water, cut them into thick slices, and lay them on the toast, on the top of these place a peeled mushroom. Put them into a buttered tin, and pour a little melted butter over each, put into the oven for a few minutes, and serve hot and quickly.

EMILIA.



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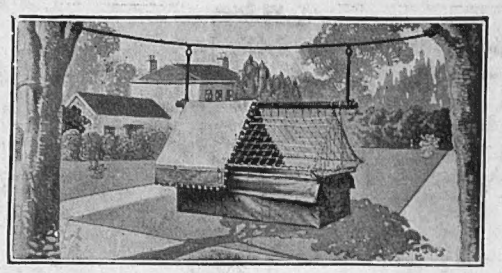

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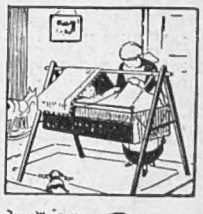

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AN' if, by and by,
Ye should feel a bit shy
Rest aisy, don't droop with depression:
Ye may tell from 'her' gaze
When she's lookin' your ways
That ye're makin' a splendid impression.

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